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DEMONSTRATION OF THE BEING OF GOD.

BY THE EDITOR.

God has been an object of search in all ages of the world, and among all people, where the light of the intellect has been, in any measure, unfolded. And the evidences of his being that have been gleaned from the vast empire of thought, have ever been contemplated with deep and all-pervading interest. A single problem in mathematics may affect the commercial interests of the world. A single principle in experimental science may affect the agricultural interests of the whole country. A single demonstration in mechanics may add millions to the wealth of a nation. But upon the demonstration of this one problem—the being of God—hang all the hopes of man in a hereafter. This is the question that is to determine the destinies of our race; whether man, with all his transcendent capacities, is but the creation of a moment, or a being stamped with immortality; whether the brief light of his present existence shall grow dim and disappear under the dark cloud of eternal nothingness, or whether the present is only initiatory to another and more glorious existence.

Again and again does the mathematician retrace the successive steps of his demonstration, not only that he may establish the absolute certainty of the proposition, but that he may detect every latent fallacy that may yet lie concealed in the general course, or in the details of his reasoning. It is not too much, then, to examine and reexamine the foundations of a proposition that is rife with such momentous consequences. That we believe this truth, furnishes only additional reason why we should scrutinize, with the utmost caution and deepest interest, the arguments by which our faith is established, that we may be able to give a reason—a sound and conclusive reason—for the hope that is within us.

Before we enter upon the demonstration we propose, it will be proper to make the following preliminary observations:

1. Revelation does not *prove*, nor undertake to *prove*, the existence of God; for it presupposes his

existence. In fact, the being of God is in revelation what the axiom is in mathematics—an admitted, self-evident truth.

2. We do not undertake to say that a man must be able to *prove* the existence of God before he believes it. For the idea of God can hardly be said to wait the slow process and tardy conclusions of our reasoning and deductive faculties. It is one that forces itself upon the mind among its earliest convictions, from a consciousness of its own powers, or from a contemplation of the works of nature. It is one of those primary and original truths which nature has taught to all mankind. It is, in fact, an instantaneous and almost instinctive impression, so interwoven with every fiber of our mental constitution, that it seems to form a part of our very being. Nor does this early conviction ever fail us till torn away by the false refinements of philosophy, or by the withering influence of sinful indulgence.

3. Let no one expect that we shall be able to throw aside every mystery with which this subject is invested. There are mysteries connected with the visible and tangible objects with which we are every day conversant—mysteries that reason can not unravel, nor science penetrate. How, then, shall man be able to comprehend the Almighty in all the fullness and plenitude of his nature! Simonides, the Sicilian philosopher, when asked by the King of Sicily, *what God is*, demanded that he might be permitted to consider the subject for one day before he determined an answer to the question. When that day was ended he requested another, and then another, and another, till at last he was compelled to come before his prince with the confession, "The more I reflect, the more I am confounded." The incomprehensibility of God has often led the arrogant and presumptuous mind to question his existence, or, with more daring infidelity, with the fool, to declare "*there is no God.*" They forget that the very principle upon which they reject the being of God, would, if applied to physics, lead them to reject some of the most palpable truths of natural philosophy; nay, it would lead them to question the very existence of some of the most effective elements in nature. The

philosopher who admits the composition of water, does it without being able to comprehend how the combination of hydrogen and oxygen, two light and colorless gases, can produce a liquid so unlike to either of its elements. He who admits the existence of electricity, does it without being able to comprehend its essence, or even the mode of its existence; for that existence is manifested only by the effects it produces. The fact, then, that we can not *comprehend* God, forms no objection to the reality of his existence, since this is what we might have expected from the very infinitude of his nature, and is not a greater obstacle than we every-where meet in the paths of science.

Having thus endeavored to clear away the rubbish that lay in our path, and might obstruct our progress—having thus guarded and limited our inquiry to its proper bounds, we proceed to remark, that in the economy of the material world around us, in the arrangements and organization of nature, we are furnished with abundant materials for the

DEMONSTRATION OF THE BEING OF GOD.

It is impossible, in a brief article like the present, to enter into all the multitudinous arguments which the structure of the universe affords, in proof of the existence of God; nor is it necessary to embrace this wide range to render the demonstration we propose complete. This demonstration we shall embrace in three propositions, each of which must come home to the understanding with the force and certainty of an axiom. And the three propositions with the conclusion, to our mind, at least, form as perfect and conclusive a demonstration as can be applied to any theorem in geometry. Each of these propositions we shall endeavor to illustrate in its order, and then draw our conclusion. The propositions, we hope to show, are sound, and the conclusion inevitable.

FIRST PROPOSITION.

Design implies the existence and action of a designing mind.

That design implies the existence of an agent or design, is evident from the fact that it is an *effect*, and, consequently, must refer to something as its cause. That this cause is an active mind, rather than any material agency, is evident; for as matter does not think, design or contrivance can be attributed to mind, and to mind only. To suppose design without a designer, or contrivance without a contriver, is too gross and palpable an absurdity to need a serious refutation. The skeptic who should take such ground, would give but too sad evidence that he had so far departed from those original and intuitive perceptions of the human mind, which lie at the foundation of all reason and true knowledge, as to leave no safe guide for his mental wanderings, and no sure foundation for the support of his faith, even in the simplest truth.

But though few, if any, have had the hardihood to deny the above proposition, in explicit terms, yet there are many who have endeavored to load it with foreign incumbrances, or to entangle it in the

meshes of their sophistry, so as to divest it of its power and strip it of its convincing force. The objector will assert that the brute creation often exhibit the strongest evidences of design in their movements, and in their care for themselves and their young. Thus the bee displays design in her mathematically constructed cell. Design is exhibited in the architectural skill with which the beaver's cabin is constructed as in the erection of a cottage. Design, say they, is as much exhibited in the arrangements of the baboon for its defense, as in the tactics of a military officer.

The facts in the case are right, but the inference is wrong. In the first place, the objection, if it have any force or application at all, goes upon the supposition that the lower orders of creation are not endowed with a spirit or mind; a supposition which, to say the least of it, is not and can not be proved; while, on the contrary, there are many things which indicate that even the brute creation are endowed with minds, which, in other stages and scenes of existence, may become more fully developed. But, admitting that they are destitute of mind, even the objector will allow that they are endowed with a high degree of instinct, and the very action and adaptation of this instinct, in all the varieties of the animal creation, is but the work of design, the offspring of an intelligent and thinking Cause.

The irresistible and unavoidable conclusion, then, is—unless we would renounce every sound principle of our mental nature, and annihilate the very convictions of our own consciousness—unless we would break away from every salutary restraint and safe guidance of our intuitive reason, and launch out upon a wild chaos of speculation, that recognizes no inalienable principle, and is governed by no law—unless we come to this, the irresistible and unavoidable conclusion is, that *design implies the existence and action of a designing mind.*

SECOND PROPOSITION.

The appropriation of one or more agencies or means for the accomplishment of a specific end implies design.

Every piece of human mechanism, from the knife or fork up to the watch or organ, exhibits an appropriation of agencies or means for the accomplishment of particular ends or objects. The crude materials of nature have no innate tendencies to form such combinations. "No metal in the mine could, by any chance, move itself into the wheels, and springs, and posts, and adjustments which constitute a clock or an organ, and begin measuring time or making melody. Iron has no tendency to be a hammer or a chain." Consequently, the appropriation of these materials for such purposes, are the direct effects of a planning and designing mind. Neither human experience nor human research has ever yet discovered one solitary exception to this universal rule.

Nor do we consider it possible to offer one sound objection to the proposition, that in every case the appropriation of agencies or means to the

accomplishment of particular ends or purposes, necessarily implies design, and, consequently, a designing mind. To assert the contrary would be committing a palpable violation of the intuitive and eternal dictates of reason and common sense.

THIRD PROPOSITION

There are adaptations of agencies or means, in nature, for the accomplishment of specific ends or objects.

In illustrating this proposition, we feel at a loss from what portion of the universe to select our examples. Creation is every-where so full of contrivance, so full of clear and indubitable evidences of design, so perfect in its machinery, and so glorious in its economy, that we hardly know upon which of its inviting fields to enter. But a single example, as for instance the eye, the ear, the hand, the wing of an insect, or even a blade of grass, considered in its adaptations, contains the gist of that argument, which may be almost indefinitely expanded. A poor, ignorant Arabian of the desert was one day asked by a traveler, how he came to be assured that there was a God. "In the same way," he replied, "that I am able to tell by the print impressed upon the sand, whether it was a man or beast that passed that way."

The eye has often been referred to as an indubitable evidence of design, contrivance, or adaptation of agencies for the accomplishment of particular purposes. Every one knows that it is constructed upon optical principles, and that it is adapted to the laws and powers of the solar ray. Is there not a perfect adaptation of agencies or means throughout to secure this object? Observe the mechanism of the telescope. With wonder and astonishment are we struck at the surpassing ingenuity of man. What knowledge of science, of causes and effects! What skill and accuracy in its mechanical construction! What perfect adaptation of means for the accomplishment of specific objects! How absurd, then, to suppose the telescope was made by chance! But still more ridiculous to suppose that it could be formed without a former; that it could originate, with the perfection of all its parts, without an originator! But the telescope, bearing, as it does, the most indubitable evidence of the profoundest knowledge and the most exquisite skill of man, is but an imperfect imitation of the eye. If the telescope exhibits the ingenuity of man, how much more expressive of Divine workmanship is this masterly provision which is made for the convenience, nay, to meet the very necessities of his sentient creation.

But leaving the internal structure of the eye, which is so fully described in our elementary textbooks in natural science, and so beautifully illustrated by the "eye models," which ought to be in every district school, that further description is here unnecessary, we shall notice three general provisions connected with it, which give equally conclusive evidence of the adaptation of means for the accomplishment of specific purposes.

1. There are specific arrangements for the protec-

tion of the eye. Some of these may be enumerated as follows: (1.) It is lodged in a strongly fortified cavity, formed by the junction of several bones, hollowed out at their edges, or so joined as to afford the utmost security to the delicate instrument they were designed to incase. (2.) To prevent the friction that would take place, if the eye rotated upon the bony substance by which it is surrounded, this substance is interlined with a thick and soft layer of fat, in which the eye moves or rests with the greatest possible safety and ease. (3.) The eye is protected by the brow, which arches over it, and, "like a thatched pent house, prevents the sweat and moisture of the head from running down into it." (4.) We should not forget the important office of the eyelids. Like folding doors do they seem contrived to defend the eye while awake, and to incase it when asleep. (5.) Notice also the provision that is made for wiping away from the eye the dust and other offensive matter that will sometimes collect upon it. The moment the lids close the eye turns up so as to bring the cornea under the upper lid, causing the membranes to wipe the whole anterior surface of the eyeball. And at the same time the under lid has a lateral motion toward the nose, thereby gathering the offensive particles and discharging them from the inner corner of the eye. (6.) But unless moistened the eye could not be kept clean and bright, which is necessary in order to vision. To meet this necessity, it is abundantly supplied with a limpid fluid from the lachrymal gland, which, when its office has been performed, flows, by means of the *nasal duct*, into the nostrils, where it is evaporated by being brought into contact with the heated breath, and is thus removed from the system.

Will any one deny that these six specific arrangements exhibit an adaptation of means for the accomplishment of a specific object; namely, the protection of the eye?

2. There are specific arrangements to give to the eye those peculiar modifications which are necessary to adapt it to the peculiar habits of various animals, or to the elements in which they live. (1.) In the eye of the fish the crystalline lens is much more convex than in the eye of man. This is a peculiar arrangement to adapt the eye of the fish to the law of optics, which requires a more convex lens to refract a ray of light passing through so dense a medium as water, than when passing through atmospheric air. (2.) Fish do not possess the power of contracting and dilating the pupil—a power so surprising in terrestrial animals that prow by night. The reason for this is, that the intensity of light is so diminished in water as never to endanger the retina. (3.) Instead of an eyelid, the eel has a transparent convex covering to the eye, which consists of a substance much resembling horn. This covering defends the organ while the eel makes its way through mud and gravel, against which the eyelid would afford but an imperfect protection; but, at the same time, it

does not obstruct the vision. Frogs have a sort of movable cornea, which they can, at pleasure, bring over the eye. A like membrane is also said to be found in the crocodile. (4.) The peculiar and remarkable thickness of the outer covering,* usually called the white of the eye, in the whale, is another instance of specific adaptation and manifest contrivance. The whale, it is well known, is accustomed to dive to immense depths in the ocean; and were it not for this wise provision of the Author of nature, the eye would suffer injury, if not entire destruction, by the increased pressure upon it.† Indeed, being without any means of defense against his natural enemies, the shark and sword-fish, it is said that when they have fastened upon the whale he will dive, carrying them down into the depths of the ocean till they are destroyed by the pressure of water, which his own body is so admirably adapted to receive without injury. (5.) The eye of the fish is not furnished with lachrymal secretions, so universal and so indispensable in terrestrial animals, the element in which it lives furnishing the necessary wash for the eyes. But it is furnished with muscles which move the eyes with surprising rapidity, so as to completely rinse them. Also the mud-crab has a little brush placed near, to which the eye is raised when it emerges from the mud, and "against which it is wiped with an action as intelligible as that of a man wiping his spectacles."‡ (6.) Again: the arrangement made to adapt the eye to the condition and habits of various animals equally striking. In the human race the eye is placed so as to look forward and take in nearly the hemisphere before it; but the motion of the eye combined with that of the head, enables us easily to survey the whole circle. But in hares and conies, which are accustomed to flee from their pursuers, the eyes are very prominent, and placed so much toward the side of the head that their two eyes take in nearly the whole sphere; while the eyes of dogs, which pursue, are situated so as to look forward. In snails, where the head is not movable, the eyes are placed at the ends of the black filaments or optic nerves, which are sheathed in their four protuberances or horns, which can be moved in different directions at the same time. Spiders, which have the head set directly upon the body, and, consequently, immovable, have several eyes, some four, some six, and others eight, so situated in their round heads, that they can see in every direction, and thus are they enabled to catch flies, upon which they live, *per saltum*, without any motion of the head to discover them. Again: when mobility is not given to the eyes, as in the case of flies, the deficiency is made up by a multitude of little hemispheres, each performing the entire functions of an eye, and which com-

pletely overspread the large ball which bulges out at the side of the head. A multiplication of eyes is sometimes resorted to, as in the case of scorpions, which have over a hundred eyes, or in that of the ephemeron, in which no less than two thousand have been discovered by naturalists. Dr. Goddard also remarks upon a curious arrangement in the chameleon, its eyes "being set in a versatile socket, which it turns backward and forward without stirring the head, and ordinarily the one a contrary way to the other."

If we have not, in the preceding cases, an adaptation of means for the accomplishment of particular ends or purposes, we think it would be difficult to show any such adaptation, even in the most complicated and diversified productions of human skill and ingenuity.

3. But the peculiar contrivances to facilitate the use of the eye, give equal evidence of the appropriation of means for the accomplishment of specific purposes. (1.) The apparatus employed for turning the telescope and directing it toward the object, gives no clearer evidence of the appropriation of means for the accomplishment of a specific object than does the provision made to change and fix the direction of the human eye. The eye is moved in its socket or fixed in its direction by the action of six principal muscles or tendons. These are named, from their offices, elevator,* depressor,† abductor,‡ adductor,§ great and small rotators. The force which causes the direct, that is, vertical and lateral motions of the eye, are called *strait muscles*; have their origin in the back part of the socket, pass round the eye, and are so firmly connected with the sclerotica, or outer coating of the eye, as not to be separated from it without laceration. The two rotators are called *oblique muscles*,§ and are so situated as to give the necessary motions to the eye. But the trochlear muscle is especially worthy of notice, being made to pass through a cartilaginous pulley fixed to the upper side of the socket, thereby causing it to form an acute angle, and preventing it from being drawn backward. The recti, or straight muscles, remind us of the shrouds and stays by which the masts of a vessel are "staid" in any particular position; the trochlear muscle is a contrivance perfectly analogous to that by which the halliards are made to pass through a pulley at mast-head, and thence down to the deck, without which it would be impossible to hoist the sails. The combined action of these muscles is most perfect, acting in opposition with the most perfect agreement, and all combining so as to insure the various and complicated motions of the eye with the utmost precision and certainty. It would be a curious problem, and one which would have puzzled the most skillful mathematician without a knowledge of this divine

* Sclerotic coat.

† The pressure of water at the depth of one hundred feet, is sixty pounds to the square inch; and at the depth of four thousand feet it is eighteen hundred and thirty pounds.

‡ Sir C. Bell.

* Rectus superior atrolens. † Rectus inferior depressor.

‡ Rectus externus abductor. § Rectus internus abductor.

§ Obliquus superior, or trochlearis and obliquus inferior.

mechanism, to determine how six tendons may be arranged so that their combined action may produce all the motions of which the eye is susceptible. (2.) The eye is a single optical instrument; but it was necessary that it should serve the double purpose of a telescope and microscope; that is, that the individual should be able to see objects distant and near with the same instrument. Man beholds, with the same eye, objects brought within an inch of the organ, or removed to the distance of forty or fifty miles. The falcon, soaring above the clouds, not only desries its victim from its inconceivable height, but also strikes its talons with unerring certainty, when its prey is but a few inches distant from its eye. Whatever may be the necessary changes produced in the eye for the sake of enabling it to observe near as well as distant objects, is it not evident that they are brought about by agencies or means adapted to this specific end? (3.) We might also enlarge upon the minute and extremely delicate apparatus by which the individual is enabled to dilate and contract the pupil of the eye and yet preserve its circular form, thereby regulating the amount of light, admitting no more than is necessary for vision. But this bare allusion to it must suffice.

Sturnius and many other philosophers have boldly asserted that a critical examination of the eye alone is a sufficient cure for Atheism. But all we wish to claim for the illustrations we have used, is that they give evidence of THE ADAPTATION OF MEANS FOR THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF SPECIFIC PURPOSES. Can any thing be more evident? Can even the simplest mathematical axiom address itself with greater ardor of conviction to an intelligent mind?

But the evidences of divine workmanship are not confined to the eye. We might enumerate every part of the human system, every organ of sense, every bone and muscle, every gland and duct, to show the exquisite adaptation of these parts to their specific object, and also to the perfection and harmony of the whole. Nor need we stop with man. Go consider the tribes of the feathered race.† Go range the inconceivable amplitude of sentient creation. Every-where will you find traces of a master Builder, perfect in all his endlessly diversi-

fied plans, and exhaustless in his resources for devising and applying means for their accomplishment. The same traces of divine light are also scattered over the inanimate creation with exhaustless profusion.

In fact, God has left the impress of himself upon all his works. *The invisible things of God—his existence, his nature, and his perfections—are clearly seen, being manifested by the things that are made and do appear.* The Psalmist also declares, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world." Who, then, amidst the flood of light that flames upon him from the heavens above and from the earth beneath, can exclude the evidences of design from the universe, or refuse to grant unto us the simple proposition, that *there are adaptations of agencies in nature for the accomplishment of specific purposes?*

CONCLUSION.

These three propositions, then, we believe to be fully and satisfactorily demonstrated; namely, 1. Design implies the existence and action of an intelligent or designing mind. 2. The appropriation of one or more agencies or means for the accomplishment of a specific end or object, implies design. 3. There are adaptations of agencies or means in nature for the accomplishment of specific ends or objects.

Hence, we are forced to the admission of a designing mind, by which nature was formed, and which must, consequently, have had an existence prior to the formation of the universe.

But such a mind must have been infinite in intelligence to have been enabled to design Nature so perfectly, that there should not be the slightest jar or discord in all her operations.

It must also have been endowed with infinite power to enable it to carry its mighty schemes into effect.

And where infinite intelligence and infinite power are united in the same living, thinking, acting being, there is God—*God in all his majestic individuality.*

* Mr. Horne, from numerous experiments, infers that the three following changes take place to enable the eye to view objects at different distances: 1. The curvature of the cornea is increased; 2. The axis of vision is elongated; 3. And the crystalline lens pushed forward. But while all admit that some change takes place, anatomists are not, we believe, fully agreed as to the nature and extent of that change.

† When a boy, our curiosity was highly excited at observing some fowls that were roosting upon the branches of a tree. They were evidently asleep; the wind was high, and its varying gusts would sway them first one way, then another. We had observed that if a person drops into a sleep with a book or any thing else in the hand, as the sleep becomes sound the will relaxes its energy upon the muscles of the hand, and the thing falls from their grasp. The question, then, very naturally arose, why birds, when they get into a sleep, are not easily shaken from their roost. Years after that incident did we

learn that the God of nature, that God who numbers the very hairs of our heads, has made the most striking provision for their security. This curious provision is thus described by an anatomist: "The muscle which bends the toes lies in the forepart of the thigh, and runs over the joint which corresponds with our knee joint; from the forepart its tendon passes to the back part of the leg, and over the joint equivalent to our heel bone; it then splits and extends in the bottom to the toes. The consequence of this singular course of the tendon is, that when the mere weight of the bird causes these two joints to bend under it, the tendon is stretched, or would be stretched, were it not that its divided extremities, inserted into the last bones of the toes, draw these bones so that they contract and grasp the branch on which the bird rests, without any effort whatever on its part." The fact of the above provision can be easily tested by experiments upon the claws of a dead fowl.

CHARLOTTE.

BY REV. GEORGE LOVSEK.

I KNEW her many years ago;
 Methinks I see her now—
 The glow of health upon her cheek,
 And beauty on her brow;
 O no, she sleeps a quiet sleep—
 Unbroken be her rest,
 A snow-white marble at her feet,
 The turf upon her breast!

Where giant oaks their shadows fling,
 And tasseled sumacs nod,
 I saw her, when, in fervent prayer,
 She gave her heart to God;
 A penitent at Jesus's feet,
 Amid a flood of tears,
 Light dawn'd upon her troubl'd soul,
 And banish'd all her fears.

The forest heard her song of praise,
 And lifted up a voice;
 The Spirit whispered to the Church,
 "Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice!"
 The loud amen, from lips in prayer,
 United with the sound,
 And seraph angels sung in heaven,
 "A precious gem is found!"

A bending form, the mossy brink
 Of yonder rivulet
 Receives upon a Sabbath morn:
 The multitude has met;
 A sister kneeling by her side,
 She gave herself that day,
 In solemn vow, to Him who died
 To wash our guilt away.

That little stream in gliding on,
 Through meadows, to the sea,
 Types to us, on its moving sands,
 Our common destiny;
 First one and then another goes:
 We leave the crumbling shore;
 The loved one is not lost—not lost,
 She's only gone before.

I never, never can forget
 The joy of other years;
 The present gleams a broken form
 Of mystery and tears;
 The life of one most dear to me,
 I fear we can not save;
 From her I turn aside to look
 Upon a sister's grave.

The many-color'd flowers of spring
 Bloom o'er that narrow bed,
 While Silence, full of sympathy,
 With softly muffled tread,
 Brings sweet Repose, with fix'd embrace,
 The treasured dust to keep,
 And Resignation murmurs low,
 "He gives his children sleep."

LITTLE FANNY.

BY GEORGE KIMBLE.

Of home's boyish blisses
 Heart-echoed for aye,
 Were prattles and kisses
 That Death stole away.

O! Death has no pity;
 He took, and he smiled—
 Took Fanny, the pretty,
 The fond little child!

From mother-love's duty,
 From father-love's pride,
 He lured the young beauty,
 To make her his bride.

Her hair was a cluster
 Of gloom and of gleam,
 And her eyes had the luster
 Of stars in a dream.

The busiest rover
 That buzzes and sips,
 Never found honeyed clover
 Like Fanny's red lips

Her cheeks were ripe peaches,
 Her voice was a bird's,
 Making sweet little speeches,
 Without any words.

And she was love's very
 Ideal of love;
 Not moody, not merry,
 But mild, like a dove.

So near the sweet lipser
 To heaven did keep,
 That angels could whisper
 To her in her sleep.

Too near! for her smiling,
 In dreams as she lay,
 Showed they were beguiling
 Her spirit away.

And once, as the peaches
 Grew flush with the sun,
 The heavenward reaches
 Of her life were done.

Above the star-glisten—
 Above the sky-blue,
 With our little sister,
 The death-angel flew.

O! then tears of sadness
 From fond ones were wrung!
 O! then songs of gladness
 By seraphs were sung!

O! then home was lonely!
 For at the hearth, where
 She had chirruped, now only
 The cricket chirped there!

All life's other blisses
 Can never repay
 Those prattles and kisses
 Which Death stole away.

PRACTICAL PICTURES FOR THE YOUNG.

BY WM. T. COOPERHALL.

NUMBER I.

LEGISLATORS, STATE AND NATIONAL.

AROUND American firesides no stories are so often told as those which relate to incidents in the lives of the men who prepared the way and took part in the construction, or in the events which immediately succeeded the establishment of our government; therefore, our boys and girls who listen attentively, or who give heed to the lessons which are to be derived from what simple sketches of American biography they may read, are clearly informed that within the memory of their grandfathers, in even the oldest states, humble men, who loved scenes remote from political excitement much more than they did the stirring incidents of official responsibility, were often selected from the workshop and the field to become participators in the events which make our history.

In a new country, brain and muscle to fell trees and build houses are in active demand; so in a new government, acquired knowledge and native wisdom are sought after and rewarded; but when the government has become established they must assert and maintain their claims to public consideration, just as mechanics, in an ancient state, must exhibit excellence of workmanship and build a reputation on superior skill, before they can command profitable patronage.

The early history of American statesmanship furnishes weightier facts, illustrating what type of character makes a low name honorable, than any history the teeming press has given to the world. But the men of that era were environed by circumstances of a peculiar character. He who, by his straightforward independence, uprightness of deportment, and solidity of judgment, won the confidence of his neighbors, was required, like a juror, at the present day, to sacrifice his private interest for the public good. Neither authority of family distinction nor eminent finish of education were arrayed, as in more modern times, by one political aspirant against another; nor, indeed, was smoothness of speech in the utterance of comprehensive promises made the standard of fitness for legislative duty.

If we point the young of 1854 to the biographies of men who filled high places fifty years ago, though they find individual incidents of encouragement, when we explain the prevailing necessity for self-reliance in the every-day affairs of business and the absence of intense competition for public trust, we fail to strengthen materially the slender hopes of any humble youth who is to-day ambitious for a career out of the common walks of life.

The little boy who is diligent in school and exhibits an aptness at getting hard lessons, is often

told, by way of encouragement, that he may one day become a member of the Legislature, or, perhaps, a Congressman. He reads with exquisite satisfaction, that it is the glory of America outshining the glory of every other nation, that her system of government is so liberal, the road to her highest honors, her richest distinctions, and her broadest fortunes lies open to the obscurest student.

The modest youth thinks, naturally enough, excepting the Presidential chair, there can be no post so desirable as that of the representative or senator, who has the world for his audience, and is sure to receive honor for any brilliant thought he may utter, any commanding argument he may advance, or any useful measure he may propose.

When a poor boy is working hard in an out-of-the-way field, or in some humble shop of a quiet village, though he may know satisfactorily that he has the reputation of an apt scholar, it seems to him a long and steep road from the "old red school-house" to the halls of state legislation—much longer to the senate chamber at the national capital; yet this long and winding road has been, in late years, traveled by many a farmer's boy—many a mechanic's apprentice, who, when he started on the laborious journey, possessed nothing but ingenuity and industry, and enough common school learning to enable him to write his name and read the county paper and the family Bible. Among the thirty-six members of the first senate formed under the new constitution of Ohio, there were six farmers, three mechanics, and four merchants. In the house of representatives, for the same year, composed of ninety-six members, there were thirty-eight farmers, eight merchants, and fifteen mechanics. The youngest man in the senate was twenty-nine, and the youngest in the house twenty-three years of age.

The Legislature of Indiana for 1852-3 contained ninety-eight members; among them were fifty-four farmers, two merchants, and fourteen mechanics; fifty of them had never before been legislators. The youngest was twenty-four years of age.

In the Legislature of Massachusetts, for the winter of 1851-2, consisting of four hundred and thirty-six members, there were one hundred and forty-two farmers, fifty-two merchants, twenty-eight manufacturers, and one hundred and twenty mechanics.

In the convention called in 1852 to revise the constitution of Massachusetts, there were four hundred and nineteen members, of whom one hundred and twenty-eight were farmers, seventy-three lawyers, sixty-five merchants and traders, twenty-four clergymen, twenty-four manufacturers, eighteen physicians, and the remainder—two hundred and eighty-seven—were mechanics in different branches of business.

One of them was often derisively called the "Natick cobbler," because, though not yet forty years of age, he had worked several years as a journeyman shoemaker. He had served in both

branches of the Legislature, was president of the senate in 1851, and was the leader of a growing political party, and was often talked about as a promising candidate for the highest offices in the gift of the people of the commonwealth.

The lower branch of the Legislature of New Hampshire for 1851-2 was composed of one hundred and thirty-two farmers, nineteen traders, thirteen lawyers, and twenty-two mechanics. The president of the senate was a printer, and of the remaining eleven members, three were farmers, three lawyers, two physicians, two mechanics, and one a merchant. The Governor's council consisted of four farmers and one physician.

The New York General Assembly for 1852-3 contained one hundred and twenty-eight members; of whom forty-seven were farmers, twenty-two lawyers, eighteen merchants, seven physicians, two printers, two teachers, and five were men without trade or profession, who reported themselves "gentlemen."

It is no idle saying of the prominent men in most of our northern states, that forty years ago a majority of them were plow-boys or apprentices. Perhaps twenty years ago one was making axes to buy school-books, one was paying for his education by peddling dry goods, and another, by working as a porter in a store, was enabled to study with a friend, then an errand-boy, whom he now meets where the whole people of a state look up to him.

Among the candidates for Congress in Mississippi in 1844—that had been state legislators—was a young man who, nearly all his life, had been a stage-driver, and, six years before his nomination, had driven his team, month after month, between Columbus and Jackson. In the same campaign was a popular orator and eminent state lawyer, who took especial delight in telling the people, before whom he presented his claim for suffrages, that he was born in a log-cabin nineteen by eighteen feet in size, which, at the time of his birth, already contained ten brothers and sisters. It was situated in the woods near the line between Tennessee and Kentucky. At twelve years of age he was put to work with a neighbor as a farm boy. He drove oxen, and hoed and cured tobacco till he was seventeen years old, when he hired himself to a brick-maker. Soon afterward he became a brick-layer, and by successive steps in mechanical knowledge and skill, was able to rear a house from the clay pit or stump, and complete it in all its parts. He was a valuable man in a new country, and might have prospered as a house-builder, but he was ambitious for a wider sphere of action.

He never saw the inside of a school-house till he was eighteen years of age. He first learned to read when a farm boy. He had a place at the fire during the long winter evenings, and there he acquired his first treasures of knowledge. At the age of twenty-two he determined to fit himself for the practice of law. He borrowed an old copy of

Blackstone, and mastered the contents of this compendium of common law by torchlight in his humble cabin. When, by great diligence and at much sacrifice, he had acquired the rudiments of the profession he had chosen, he met an old lawyer who had a scanty library which he wished to sell, and the indigent but persevering carpenter and brick-layer made a bargain, by which the library was to be put into his possession when he had performed one hundred and fifty dollars' worth of work, dressing and laying down oak floors for three dollars per square of ten feet.

In such a career there is practical illustration of a happy couplet by Alexander Smith:

"Give battle to the leagued world; if thou'rt truly brave,
Thou shalt make the hardest circumstance a helper or a slave."

It has sometimes happened that what is popularly known as "luck" has given a poor and obscure man the prominence of a legislator. I remember one singular instance.

Mr. Cochran, who was a member of the house of representatives during the administration of the elder Adams, claimed that he "fiddled himself into Congress." A short time previous to his election, a vessel was to be launched in Seneca Lake, at Geneva, New York, and being an unusual event, many people assembled to witness it. Cochran, then quite a young man, was able to draw a bow across the strings of a violin with more than ordinary skill, and his services were demanded. He gratified the company by playing many popular airs, and at the supper table one of the guests remarked, in commendation of his skill, that he was "fit for Congress." The hint was favorably received, the violinist was talked about as a candidate, and finally nominated and elected for the district then comprising the whole of the state of New York west of Schenectady.

This is the only instance on record of such "luck." Assiduous industry, perseverant energy, calculating foresight, self-culture, close mental application, attentive pursuit of general knowledge—these are not the titles of tunes which can be performed on violins, for the attainment of honors in the political, the scientific, or the literary world.

That man, with an official position and an intellectual power which was honored in every civilized land on the globe, who, but the last year, heard

"The curfew toll the knell of parting day,"

and beheld the first unfoldings of eternal life, was eminently the founder of his high renown, the artificer of his broad fortune. His career is a profitable study for the young man who would earn for himself a place in the confidence of his fellow-men and achieve a post of influence among them. His life is another great lesson, that unwearied industry is the only sure road to distinction, no matter what may be the would-be traveler's genius. The strong arm must have implements wherewith to turn the plowshare or fashion the spear. By industry they are acquired. Genius must be developed to be useful; and it can not be developed

without that instruction which severe mental toil alone secures; and then instructed genius can command broad influence and undisputed power only after unremitting application from day to day, and year to year. No indolent man was ever a great man. The man who has in him the element of greatness, well balanced, can not be an idler—inaction is torture. Count Caylies, the celebrated French antiquary, spent much time in engraving the plates which illustrated his valuable work. When his friends asked him why he worked so hard at such an almost mechanical occupation, he said, "I engrave lest I should hang myself." When Napoleon was slowly withering away from disease and *ennui* together, on the rock of St. Helena, it was told him that one of his friends, an ex-colonel in the Italian army, was dead. "What disease killed him?" asked Napoleon. "That of having nothing to do," it was answered. "Enough," said Napoleon, "even had he been an emperor."

Daniel Webster was always a worker. He said of himself that he "knew not what it was to eat the bread of idleness." He always respected the laborer, and was never ashamed, but, all his life, proud of humble origin. In one of his public addresses Mr. Webster said:

"It is only shallow-minded pretenders who make humble origin matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in this country but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them, and they are generally sufficiently punished by the public rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself, need not be ashamed of his early condition."

"It did not happen to me to be born in a log-cabin, but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log-cabin—raised amid the snow-drifts of New Hampshire—at a period so early as that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlement on the rivers of Canada."

Till the age of fourteen, Daniel Webster went only to a district school. He was a diligent student, summer and winter, in school and out of it; and this remarkable fondness for books determined his father to afford him ampler advantages for developing his mind. He was sent to Exeter Academy, where he had no peer in diligent and successful study; and his father, a well-satisfied witness of his son's attentive pursuit of knowledge, having resolved that he should have a collegiate education, in order to fit Daniel for the halls of higher learning, was obliged, on account of his moderate means, to remove him from the Academy and place him under the private tuition of a country clergyman. Here he read one hundred verses of Virgil for a lesson, and in less than a year mastered Virgil and Cicero, with his teacher, and in private two large Latin works of Grotius and Puffendorf.

When the Commencement, at which he expected

to enter college, was within only two months' time, he had not learned the Greek alphabet; but when his examination came, he was fully prepared to pass it honorably.

When Daniel Webster, dressed in a full suit of homespun, left his father's farm to enter college, he rode the least valuable of the farm horses, and carried his library and his wardrobe in a pair of saddlebags.

On the 4th of July, 1800, Mr. Webster, then in his senior year at college, delivered an oration at Hanover, New Hampshire, which is still preserved, and was republished the past year. Mr. Mattoon, of Summerville, Ohio, who was in college with him, gives the following anecdote about this maiden effort:

"I was in his room," said Mr. Mattoon, "when a deputation called upon Mr. Webster, to ask him to accept the invitation; but there seemed to be an insurmountable objection in the way. He had no clothes suitable to the dignity of the occasion. Here was a dilemma, but this was removed by a proposition made by one of the deputation present, a merchant of the village. 'You deliver the oration, Mr. Webster,' said he, 'and I will trust you for a suit of clothes from the best cloth in my store. Afterward we will have the oration printed, and I will depend on the proceeds of the sales for my pay.' Mr. Webster turned to me, 'Jack,' he said, 'what shall I do?' 'Prepare the oration,' I said. The oration was prepared and delivered, and so much were the citizens gratified that a copy was urgently requested for publication. From the sales the debt due the liberal merchant was paid, and a considerable surplus left for Mr. Webster's own use."

It has been said that at college Mr. Webster was not a diligent student. It is not true. He led his classmates, not in college freaks, but in appointed academic pursuits. One of his tutors said of him, with just pride, "Daniel was as regular as the sun. He never made a misstep. He never stooped to do a mean act. He never countenanced, by his presence or by his conversation, any college irregularities."

He graduated at the age of nineteen: meantime his elder brother—Ezekiel—at Daniel's solicitation, had left the homestead and gone to college. Again Daniel departed from his father's house on horseback with all his worldly effects in a pair of saddlebags. He went to Freyburg, Maine, to take charge of an academy at a salary of three hundred and fifty dollars a year, which he saved to bear his brother's expenses at college, supporting himself by copying deeds. He transcribed, on an average, three deeds in an evening, and two large folios, in the county records, now exist as indubitable proofs of his industry. Not a year before his death he remarked that the ache, imparted to them by so much writing, had not yet left his fingers. The brothers were fondly united, and in after years when Daniel, with intense application, devoted

himself to preparation for the practice of law, Ezekiel, after the fatigues of teaching through the day in a large private school, presided over an evening school for sailors in Boston, to defray in part his brother's expenses.

In his subsequent great career as a lawyer, an orator, and a statesman, Mr. Webster was always as diligent as he had been when a student and teacher. Hard work, as well as the power of genius, was ever apparent in his productions. It was labor that made his orations, his arguments, and his speeches so polished, so compact, so complete. There is ample proof of this statement. Hiram Ketchum, of New York, in speaking of Mr. Webster, at a meeting of the New York bar to honor his memory, told clearly what was the great Ex-pounder's custom when he expected to appear before any audience.

"It was one of the characteristics of Mr. Webster, that he abhorred all affectation. I take pleasure in saying that the affectation which is possessed by young professional men, of saying things without preparation—of speaking on the spur of the moment, without previous thought—was an affectation which, of all others, Mr. Webster despised. He never spoke without previous thought; he never spoke without laborious preparation.

"I have often thought from my long acquaintance with Mr. Webster, that if other men could think as long—as closely and as profoundly—their public efforts would be equal to his; for I have never known a man in my life who made such preparation for court, before the senate, or before the people. He did not think he had any right to offer extemporaneous thoughts before a multitude of his fellow-citizens, no matter who they were. He thought he was to dress himself in his best garments; that he was to deliver his best thoughts in his best style to those who stood to hear him. And thence it happens that, as he always gave, in the course of his life, thoughts which were the result of thorough preparation, the public came to understand that what Mr. Webster said was worth reading. Hence, what he did say was read more than the productions of any man who was his compeer in the country."

To encouraging incidents in the careers of men who will be associated in history with Mr. Webster, a few paragraphs may be properly devoted.

Henry Clay was the fifth son of a Baptist clergyman, who died when Henry was five years old. The circumstances of his family were so straitened that the boy was not given even a good elementary education. At the age of thirteen he was a clerk in a drug store, at Richmond, Virginia. He subsequently obtained a situation as a copying clerk in a chancery court, and was chosen by Chancellor Wythe as his amanuensis. The learned Chancellor was fond of making classical quotations, and his clerk was much perplexed in reporting or copying the Greek which fell upon his ears or was laid before him. Mr. Clay continued to labor and study

till the year 1797, when he pursued his legal studies uninterruptedly for nearly twelve months, and was then admitted to the bar. In a speech at Lexington, Kentucky, in 1842, he said that when he commenced the practice of law in that town he had not the means to pay his weekly board, and was without friends or patrons. His first fee of fifteen shillings was the most desired of any one he ever received.

Lewis Cass, in 1799, when only seventeen years of age, carrying his scanty wardrobe on a stick across his shoulder, journeyed, on foot, from an eastern state to the North-West territory. He taught school in Ohio in order to obtain means to pursue his legal studies. He was admitted to the bar in 1802, and was first a legislator in 1806. He speaks with pride of his early humble life, and has not yet forgotten the lessons of industry and application he then learned. This his latest and worthiest efforts in the United States senate plainly show.

Thomas Ewing, who was a member of the United States senate, from Ohio, when Webster, Clay, Benton, and Calhoun were its leaders, and who maintained a high position among these giant statesmen, was, in early life, a salt-boiler, and over the seething kettles earned money to gain sufficient education to enable him to begin the study of the law.

Tristram Burgess, of Rhode Island, who was a lawyer, a state legislator, a judge, a professor of belles-lettres, and a member of the national house of representatives for ten years, never attended a school till he was fifteen years of age. His sister taught him to read, and his father instructed him in writing, and so far in arithmetic that he knew what people meant when they talked about addition and multiplication, subtraction and division. When he was twenty-one years of age he had only attended school twelve weeks. Up to this period he had labored diligently, from the time he was ten years old, as a cooper in his father's shop. He determined that he would be a physician. He begged and borrowed medical works, and read when others slept. He was advised to acquaint himself with the Latin and Greek languages, and he began a course of study, but fell sick, and when he recovered he resolved that he would have a collegiate education. He took a country school, taught four months of each year, and, by rigid economy, supported himself till he had completed his collegiate term. While in college he commenced the study of law, and he never failed to have his lessons, while at the same time he read law six hours in each day. He was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-nine. He was an orator of signal power; was regarded as such in Congress and in his native state; was always spoken of with pride. Selections from several of his speeches and addresses are to be found in our school-books.

Mr. Cameron, late United States senator from Pennsylvania, about thirty years ago entered a

printing office in Harrisburg, with a bundle of clothes suspended from a stick across his shoulders. He begged for employment, by which he might earn a support for his indigent parents. His career teaches boys, who would be men of renown, what they must do at hard study. He uses a letter stamp, on which is engraved a printing-press, in remembrance of his early vocation; over it is the significant motto "*persevere*."

S. S. Prentiss, of Louisiana, who was a member of the twenty-fifth Congress, who had a national reputation as a brilliant and winning speaker, and who was every-where respected as a scholar and honored as a lawyer, finished his education, when a humble school-teacher, in Portland, Maine. He emigrated to the west without fortune or influential friends, and by diligent study and an attentive watchfulness of public affairs, won for his genius liberal acknowledgment.

Andrew Kennedy, who served three full terms as a representative in Congress from Indiana, was, at the age of nineteen, a blacksmith's apprentice, unable to read or write. He threw aside the sledge-hammer, determined to be a lawyer, and persevered till he became a popular advocate. He was a member of the Indiana Legislature when he died, at the age of thirty-seven.

Samuel R. Thurston, who was the delegate from Oregon to the thirtieth Congress, was indebted solely to his own exertions for a classical education. His father's family was so poor that, early in life, Samuel was thrown upon his own resources. He emigrated to Oregon across the Rocky Mountains, with his wife and child, in an ox cart. On his arrival in that territory he was so destitute, that for some time his family was an object of charitable commiseration. The attention of the people of Oregon was first called to his abilities by his successful advocacy of the innocence of a man whom he volunteered to defend, when put on trial as a murderer.

In the "people's branch" of the thirty-second Congress, was a farmer from Virginia, who, when twenty years of age, "did not know his A B C's." His wife taught him his letters. Among those who, from seats on the same floor, heard this "self-made," or, as was facetiously observed, "wife-made member," advocate his favorite measures, were two brothers—one from Kentucky, the other from Tennessee—who, but a few years previous to their legislative distinction, worked together in Kentucky as brick-layers.

The youngest member of the thirty-second Congress was from the western part of Pennsylvania, and only twenty-six years of age. Eleven years previous to his election, he went from the backwoods of the "Keystone state" to commence his education at Amherst College. Before he took this "start" for the halls of legislation, he had been employed rafting logs down the Susquehanna river. He graduated from college in 1843 with a high reputation as a scholar.

William Wright, a senator from New Jersey in the thirty-second Congress, is a harness-maker by trade, and has now a manufactory in Newark. On the same floor with him was Charles T. James, of Rhode Island, who was a machinist, and who had only a common school education when he went away from the protecting care he received under his father's roof to build a fortune for himself in the world. Hannibal Hamlin, a senator in the same Congress from Maine, was a humble printer's boy, and by setting type supported himself while studying law.

In the thirty-third Congress—the one which shall convene at Washington the present winter—there will appear many men whose careers afford the useful lesson, that the road to distinction which Clay, and Cass, and Webster trod is yet open to the poorest and obscurest boy.

Already this picture has exceeded the limit allotted it, and I can add but one brief sketch.

In the senate chamber, as a member of the thirty-third Congress from Illinois, will appear a man not over forty-five years of age, who has been county attorney, member of both houses of the Legislature, district attorney, circuit judge, attorney general of the state, judge of the supreme court, member of the national house of representatives, and was a United States senator before his thirty-eighth year. About twenty-five years ago he went from a country district of Chenango county, New York, to the nearest village to learn the cabinet-making business. During his apprenticeship he was a diligent student, and when his term of service had expired he determined not to be a cabinet-maker, but a lawyer. With a few dollars beforehand, which he had earned at his trade, he began the study of Blackstone. In 1832 he went from New York west. At Cleveland, Ohio, under severe trials, he pursued his legal studies for a few months, when he emigrated farther west, became a school-teacher, then a lawyer, was appointed county attorney, whence he rose, as above detailed, to a prominent place among the leading members of the United States senate, and to be much "talked about" as a candidate for the Presidency.

Little girls, teach your little brothers; and little boys, remember that though Fame's temple shines afar, there is an open road even to its glistening dome, along which the poorest as well as the richest may equally travel. The guide to that road is knowledge: determination to be most intimate with that guide is a high and just ambition—an ambition which has rendered famous the most useful men in America—men whose lives remind us that they who take honorable names

"By inheritance alone,
Adding no brightness to them, are like stars
Seen in the ocean, that were never there,
But for the bright originals in heaven."

GRAVITY is the ballast of the soul.

AN EXQUISITE STORY FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

ONCE upon a time a worthy merchant of London, named Gilbert a Becket, made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and was taken prisoner by a Saracen lord. The lord, who treated him kindly and not like a slave, had one fair daughter, who fell in love with the merchant, and who told him that she wanted to become a Christian, and was willing to marry him if they could fly to a Christian country. The merchant returned her love, till he found an opportunity to escape, when he did not trouble himself about the Saracen lady, but escaped with his servant, Richard, who had been taken prisoner along with him, and arrived in England and forgot her. The Saracen lady, who was more loving than the merchant, left her father's house in disguise to follow him, and made her way, under many hardships, to the sea-shore. The merchant had taught her only two English words, of which London was one, and his own name—GILBERT—the other. She went among the ships saying, "London! London!" over and over again, till the sailors understood that she wanted an English vessel that would carry her there; so they showed her such a ship, and she paid for her passage with some of her jewels, and sailed away. Well, the merchant was sitting in his counting-house one day, when he heard a great noise in the street; and presently Richard came running in from the warehouse, with his eyes wide open and his breath almost gone, saying, "Master, master, here is the Saracen lady!" The merchant thought he was mad; but he said, "No, master, as I live the Saracen lady is going up and down the city calling, 'Gilbert! Gilbert!'" Then he took the merchant by the sleeve and pointed out at the window, and then they saw her among the gables and water-spouts of the dark, dirty street, in her foreign dress, so forlorn, surrounded by a wondering crowd, and passing slowly along, calling, "Gilbert! Gilbert!" When the merchant saw her, and thought of the tenderness she had shown him in his captivity, and of her constancy, his heart was moved, and he ran down into the street; and she saw him coming, and with a great cry fainted in his arms. They were married without loss of time, and lived happy ever afterward. Their only son was the famous Thomas a Becket, who played so conspicuous a part, first as Chancellor and subsequently as Archbishop during the reign of Henry the Second, and was cruelly murdered with the countenance if not connivance of the King.

When Becket was transferred from the Chancellorship to the Archbishopric, he suddenly became as austere and rigid as he had before been luxurious and prodigal. After his death he was placed, by the Pope, upon the calendar of the saints, and held in great reverence by the English clergy. Even the King himself, in his subsequent misfortunes, visited his tomb, and suffered flagellation in the church where Becket was assassinated. The history of the parents was singularly romantic; that of the son was marked with equally strange vicissitudes.

CONTRASTS;

OR, SKETCH FROM A PASTOR'S EXPERIENCE

BY REV. L. M. VINCENT.

How vivid and powerful the impression made upon the mind by striking "*contrasts*!" They arouse dormant energies and excite sensibilities benumbed. They quicken the perceptions of the mind, and impart a power of penetration that fathoms great depths and comprehends great truths. They impart, at the same time, a force of application that often insures the triumph of truth in its practical working upon the heart and mind of man.

Who is not more sensibly affected by the "*light*" just after a season of "*darkness*?" And whose heart is not stirred in contrasting the "*gloom*" of one with the "*brightness*" of the other? We are more sensible of the blessedness of *health* succeeding *sickness*—*relief* succeeding *pain*—*plenty* succeeding *want*. When the reign of *winter* is ended, and spring, *joyous spring*, with her balmy breath, breathing new life into every living thing, mantling field and forest in a beauty God's own, how the delights of *spring* are enhanced by the imagined chilliness and severity of the *winter*! The beauty of the *rainbow*, penciled in the heavens by God's own hand, is no less striking, traced, as it is, upon a storm-cloud canvas. If you would see *virtue* in the extreme of loveliness, bring *virtue* and *vice* in contrast. If you would be sensible of the triumphs of *grace*, look at the triumphs of *sin*. The tranquillity of a *justified soul*, sweetly resting in the embrace of the Redeemer, is the more precious and serene, while there is fresh in remembrance the bitter agonies of a "*godly sorrow*" for sin, once indulged in with pleasure.

Thus might we continue musing; but this is sufficient.

Last evening I was engaged to officiate at a wedding. Your experience, dear brother, well informs you that the occasion of a marriage, so full of interest to the parties themselves, has little of novelty, at least to officiating clergymen. Perhaps we feel less than we ought; that we do not enter sufficiently into the sympathies and emotions of *two hearts* on the eve of being *made one*. But the gayety and mirth of bridal scenes will lose their excitement from repetition. To look at the beauty of a bride, the dignity and pride of a bridegroom, as he leads his loved one to the altar—the manifest solicitude and feeling of parents as they gaze upon a cherished child, now to be committed to other hands and other care, many would say feeling and interest should never lessen on an occasion like this.

Be that as it may, I mingled with such a group last evening. The father's house was one of those large and beautifully furnished dwellings so common to our city. And what a host of happy friends were there! What forms of loveliness! How

splendidly attired! Bright eyes sparkled with beauty; cheeks glowed with health. What queenly grace and manly dignity! What bright dreams of the future! What hopes! what anticipations! No shade of sorrow there—not one dark ray. It was life's morning, cloudless and serene, the *daughter's bridal*.

But, say you, my friend has forgotten his subject. We will see. The carriage was at my door at *half past seven*, occupied by a stranger. I expected an acquaintance. The stranger apologized for my friend's absence by saying he was called to attend upon the dying bed of a youthful associate. I was to stop at his house on my way and wait his return. I did so. He returned to inform me I must haste to the room of the dying before officiating at the wedding. A few minutes took us to the house, where its death-like stillness was only broken by the stifled sobs of a stricken mother, and the occasional faint groan of her dying daughter. Death was surely at work. The pallid countenance, the sunken eye, the fluttering, feeble pulse, the almost inarticulate whisper, "I do try to trust in Jesus," spoken with great effort, told too plainly the sands of life had nearly run. The hour was at hand when another "silver cord must be loosed;" another "golden bowl broken." Death was again in triumph over the *young*; one no older than that "happy bride," to whom was opening, in brightest visions, the dawn of a new existence.

But what a contrast between the two habitations: "the house of mourning," and "the house of feasting!" The night-lamp, casting its feeble rays over the couch of that only loved and loving daughter, as her spirit was departing, and faintly shadowing the anguished countenance of the mother in her struggle to resign back to God the child he gave her, presents a sad and gloomy picture in *contrast* with that brilliantly illuminated mansion—the bridal altar, the happy bride, and groups of happy friends. A *contrast*, indeed! A death scene and a bridal; a corpse and a bride; hopes blasted and hopes consummated; the cup of anguish and the cup of bliss; an evening with but a single star, and that fading from the heavens; a morning sky without a cloud.

I have discharged the duties pertaining to my office. I joined in wedlock the happy couple; I buried the much-loved daughter.

Such is earth, filled with *contrasts*. They are the events of every day and every hour. The extremes of human life are continually manifest; riches and poverty, plenty and want, joy and sorrow, hope and despair, health and sickness, life and death. This is "earth," not heaven. Heaven, in *contrast*, is riches incorruptible, joy unspeakable and full of glory, fruition the end of hope, vision without faith, day without night, health without sickness, union without separation, life without death. Who would not live for heaven? This is the true life. Its end is the realization of all that is glorious in human destiny.

IDA PFEIFFER IN ICELAND.

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BY REV. T. M. EDDY.
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On the 10th of April, 1845, Ida Pfeiffer left Vienna, "as was her wont," *all alone*, and turned her face northward, blessing God that she was at last realizing the consummation of wishes so long and ardently indulged.

At Copenhagen she fortunately made the acquaintance of Mr. Knudson, the head of an important mercantile house. He provided her a place in one of his own vessels about sailing for Iceland.

After a voyage of eleven days, anchor was let go in the harbor of Havenford, which is about nine miles from Reikjavick, the Icelandic capital. Mrs. Pfeiffer's description of it reminds one very forcibly of the Palmyras, Thebeses, Romes, Carthages, and Venices of the western states. "The entire town consists of three dwellings built of wood, a few more houses of the same material, and several huts inhabited by the peasantry."

Those huts may as well be described now. Madame passed several nights in them, and speaks understandingly. They are very diminutive, and are built of lava blocks, with the interstices filled with earth, and the whole covered with sods. They might very easily be mistaken for natural elevations, were it not for the wooden chimneys, low doors, and Liliputian windows which proclaim a human tenantry. If the traveler wishes to enter one of these "sweet homes," he will pass into a dark, narrow passage, opening, on one hand, into the dwelling-room, and, on the other, into a sort of *omnium-gatherum*, where turf, fish, butter, cream, and vegetables are stored, and then in winter it is *very handy* as a stable for cows and sheep. The "hall" is built low to exclude the cold, and has a fireplace at the farther end. In this are placed poles, on which are hung wet clothing and fish for drying. In the dwelling-room no stove or fireplace is used, as the people depend on close packing for warmth. It is barely large enough for sleeping, with a small allowance of room for turning around. It is furnished mainly with bedsteads, neither high-post, patent screw, nor French patent, but severely primitive in structure; there is also a small table and a chest or two, which, with the bedsteads, are used as seats. Clothing, etc., is suspended on poles fastened in the walls. On a shelf may be found a few books; for most of the inhabitants can read and write. On entering you will be sorely puzzled whether to stay in the hall or go into the "best room." If the former, you will soon discover that the chimney don't draw very well; and the fuel being turf, with an addition of fish-bones and blubber for kindling, the smoke is not very agreeable. If you select the room, it is poisoned with the perspiration, breath, and filthiness of its crowded inmates. Select which you please, and in fifteen seconds you will wish you had taken the other. Such are the homes of the Icelandic peasantry.

Resting a few hours, Madame Pfeiffer mounted a horse and was *en route* for Reikjavick, attended by a guide, who was one of the antiquities of the Island. She was a female of more than seventy years of age; but her good health, great vigor, and rich brown hair scarcely indicated half a century. She wore the "bifurcated apparel," and could steer a boat, brave a storm, or perform hazardous errands superior to most of the sterner sex. And better still, she drank no brandy—that can be said of very few of her countrymen. They are a nation of brandy-drinkers.

The Icelandic capital she found to be an insignificant village. Madame complains of the lack of hospitality. From the ladies she met no warm or kind attentions, and she says that at her time of life she could not expect them from the gentlemen. She frequently heard of parties, of social dinners, and suppers, but none were for her. She says the people are universally selfish. When she first landed, diligent inquiries were prosecuted as to whether she was rich, and if it "would pay" to call on her. They ascertained she was not wealthy, and she was let alone. They sometimes *do* hospitality on a large scale, but only when they are pretty sure of *quid pro quo*. Mr. Knudson had provided her a home with one of his tenants, a baker named Bernhoft, where she found a good room and a cordial welcome. She found, while there, that she could accustom herself to the absence of night, which marks the Icelandic summer—to seeing twilight and dawn blended together, and the morning light breaking forth before the rays of evening had faded—to doing without a candle from the middle of May till the last of July; but she *could* not become accustomed to the fare of her good hostess—one of the best cooks of the nation. Good coffee and the richest of cream she had. They were inimitable. Fish she never liked and fish they had perpetually. Every thing was cooked up with sugar. Hashed fish, boiled eggs, potatoes, all were sweetened. Cabbage was chopped fine, diluted with water and sweetened. The ordinary fare of the peasantry is repulsive beyond description.

Doctors and preachers are usually considered as belonging to the aristocracy; but in Iceland they pay dearly for the honor. They are both salaried officers under government pay, with meager stipends. In midwinter the physician must often travel from forty to fifty miles. When this is the case, the peasantry present themselves with shovels and pick-axes, to clear the road. Fresh horses are provided at regular stages, as he must plunge through snow-drifts and storms, fogs and darkness; life, meanwhile, suspended upon his speed. Worn out with fatigue, exhausted with cold and hunger, he reaches home, only to find a fresh summons for, perhaps, a greater distance and journey of greater peril by sea. And his salary an American railroad digger would indignantly spurn.

The "priest" has a salary ranging from two florins—ninety-six cents—to eight florins—three

dollars and eighty-four cents—per annum. The richest benefice is worth ninety-six dollars. He also has from government a house—ordinarily a peasant's hut—a small pasture ground, a few cattle, and a portion of the hay, wool, and fish of the people. Several districts, or distant neighborhoods, are placed in one "parish." This causes the churches to be remote, and makes the pastorate "itinerant," though "settled." Most of the clergy are abjectly poor.

Icelandic churches are small and inferior structures. They are used, not merely for religious worship, but, like a Yankee workshop, for a little of every thing. They are the village storehouses, where are deposited food, tools, clothing, and "other articles too numerous to mention." They are also used for sleeping places for travelers. Often did Madame Ida pass the night alone in one of those sacred temples, sleeping on a pile of wool or some blankets, while around her lay saddles, shoes, hats, dresses, and implements of hunting, fishing, agriculture, travel, etc., in admirable disorder.

En route for the hot springs she visited Thingvalla. There is first the *vale* of Thingvalla—the loveliest in Iceland. Next the *lake* of Thingvalla. This is over two miles in length, and, in some places, nearly as wide. Lastly, there is the *village* of Thingvalla, once the most important town of the Island. Here gathered annually the people and their leaders, and dwelt, like the nomadic tribes, in their tents. Here was settled many a dispute with stalwart arm and trenchant blade. To this vale came chieftain and retainer—many never left it.

Approaching this lake suddenly, as if by weird spell, a dark chasm opened at her feet, adown whose depths she could not look without a shudder. Weber's Freischatz involuntarily recurred to her mind; for she had reached its very verge before she was conscious of its existence. It is not more than thirty or forty feet across it, but is several hundred feet in depth. The descent was made by a narrow path, winding among fragments of lava, while overhead were colossal masses like huge pillars and columns, tottering to their fall, threatening instant annihilation at every step. Mutely her party crept along the side of the precipice, fearful lest even the echo, which was remarkable for its power, should start the avalanche of stone, of whose resistless force the shattered rocks around gave sure demonstration. The name of this wild gorge is Almanagiau. After making the descent, she found the way out was through a chasm in the rocks opening into the vale.

Whoever visits the Genesee Falls should do so *before* he sees Niagara. On this principle she concluded to visit the "boiling springs" before she could see the world-renowned Geiser. It mattered not to her that about fifty miles must be rode through a desolate wild, without a solitary house. Those springs were to be visited, and she was there for the purpose. She went to the "priest" of the village of Reikiadale and secured his company,

and he—Rev. Jonas Jonason—secured fresh horses and they started. Passing through the valley of the Sidumule river, they reached, in due time, the first "hot spring," around which are several others. Some merely boiled and bubbled in their rocky cauldrons: others of more aspiring inclinations spouted jets into the air. The "great sight" is the reddish rock, "Tunga Huer," which rises up from the morass to the height of twenty feet, and is about fifteen in length. From two of its sides gush forth sixteen springs, reminding one of the streams that erst burst forth from Horeb's smitten rock. Though not difficult of access, the rock is somewhat dangerous. "The upper stratum is soft and warm, of the consistency of mud, mixed with sand and pebbles." She ascended its summit; there—forgetful of the danger, hearing the hissing of the waters pent up in the heart of that old denizen of the desolate morass, and enveloped in the dense clouds of steam—there she stood, lost in wonder and admiration of the almightiness of the Creator.

The cave of Surthellix was next visited. This subterranean passage is said to extend several miles. She could only make a partial and hasty exploration for want of torches. Her guides told her some strange story of its being a haunt for banditti; but she was sorely puzzled to imagine whom they could rob in Iceland. Taking her account of the people and their resources, it does seem very like two briefless barristers prosecuting each other for slander, or two young physicians practicing in each other's family for a living.

The return from this expedition to Thingvalla was a dangerous and exciting ride. The road was hemmed in by high hills, and naught was visible but hills and desolation. "The table-lands were covered with snow, which we were obliged to cross, although we heard the waters rushing beneath; and the icy crusts over which we rode were often thin and soft under the horses' feet, and of that light blue shade which is a symptom of danger. The horses frequently resisted with all their might before they could be driven across by hard blows. The pack-horse was cudgeled till he led the way, the guide followed, and I was the last. This was the most dangerous road I ever traveled. My constant thought was what I should do if my guide should sink so deep as to be unable to extricate himself. I was not strong enough to render him any assistance, and where should I turn for help in this desert? I might wander about in search of a human habitation, or in hope of meeting a fellow-being, till I perished with hunger, or was lost in the wilderness without a chance of escape." Such is her account of this fearful ride. To increase its horrors the weather suddenly changed. On reaching the heights they were enveloped in clouds and mists, and an icy wind from the neighboring glaciers came, attended by a deluge of rain. Thirteen hours did she endure this combination of horrors, when she reached a miserable hut, filled with

invalids. Here she borrowed a blanket and passed the night in the narrow passage.

By the time she returned to the capital, she had, in six days, rode, over Iceland roads and on Iceland horses, two hundred and forty-seven miles, had slept every night on chests or benches, had scrambled about the cave of Surthellix, had not had a single warm meal, had taken no cold, and returned to Bernhoft's, to her sweetened cabbage, in perfect health and fine spirits. Do our readers wonder that she said, "I was born to be a traveler?"

Next, with a single guide, she set off for the Geiser. This was an expedition of seventy-five miles. Coming within two miles and a quarter of the Geiser, the dense clouds of steam proclaimed the locality of "the Hell of Waters." Scattered around the Geiser are many hot springs, varying in size and appearance; and were they any where else than by the great wonder, would be considered as worth a journey across a continent to visit. Two, separated only by a wall or rock, are celebrated for the strange light incessantly playing over and around them—a soft, pale green and blue light, like a Greek fire, shines on whether the sun shines or is obscured by clouds, and even when he has retired to "his chamber." It seems like the "visible presence" which dwelt between the cherubim. It dwells on the quiet waters and illumines their ceaseless flow.

The eruption of the Geiser is what every one expects to see who visits Iceland. The Geiser itself is on a gentle elevation of ten feet. The diameter of its basin is about thirty feet, and that of the boiling cauldron is six or seven. Both were full to the brim with water clear as crystal, which was boiling slightly. During the eruption the waters overflow on the same side of the basin, which should always be avoided. The other side may be approached within forty paces; for all the water which passes over on that side is in small rills.

The explosions are preceded by a low rumbling, and then let whoever would see fly to the waters on the safe side. Sometimes persons remain several days before witnessing an explosion. Some years ago a French traveler—M. P. Geimard—left a commodious tent for travelers, which is in charge of a peasant, who furnishes it to travelers "for a consideration." This was made ready and given up to her at eleven o'clock at night, and she was left alone. To avoid disappointment, it is customary to watch all night. From this ordeal she had shrunk. She told her friends, before leaving home, that if ever her courage failed, it would be when she passed the night alone at the Geiser. Can my lady readers wonder? Let her now tell her own story: "I sat beneath, or in front of my tent, listening, with stretched attention, for the signs I had been told to expect. Toward midnight—the hour for spirits—I heard a few dull sounds, like those of distant cannon, and, rushing from the tent, I waited for the subterranean rumblings, and

the tremblings and splittings of the earth which, according to the books I had read, were the fore-runners of an eruption. I could scarcely defend myself from a paroxysm of fear; it is no *slight thing to be alone at midnight* in such a scene." Indeed it is not. It might well try the nerves of the sterner sex. At those rumblings the basin filled, overflowed, and subsided. Thus she watched two nights. At nine o'clock the morning of the second day, she heard again those ominous sounds. The peasant who attended the tent chanced to be there, and they hurried to the spot. The waters boiled over—the sounds were subsiding—was she again doomed to disappointment? As she listened to the expiring sounds, suddenly the explosion took place. Let her describe the scene. "I have really no words to describe this magnificent scene. It infinitely surpassed all my expectations. The waters were spouted with great power and volume; column rising above column as if it was bent on outstripping the others. When I had recovered from my astonishment, I looked around at the tent—how small, how diminutive it seemed when compared to those pillars of water! And yet it was nearly twenty feet high. It was lying, it is true, rather lower than the Geiser; but tent might have been piled on tent—five or six, one above the other, would not have reached the elevation of those jets; the largest of which I think I can affirm, without any exaggeration, to have risen to the height of a hundred feet, and to have been three or four feet in diameter." By this monument of divinity she stood awe-struck and trembling. "The voice of God was on the waters." Twice after this she witnessed this great wonder. In reading such accounts we involuntarily exclaim, "Great and marvelous are thy works, LORD GOD ALMIGHTY!"

From hence she journeyed to Hecla. For nine years none had made the ascent of this volcano. On reaching the foot of the mountain she and her solitary guide scrambled on over blocks and piles—lava rolling around and behind them—the danger was increased in the gorges filled with snow, and softened by the heat of the season. On they still went, new difficulties arising at every step, till they reached the place for dismounting. There were still three heights to climb. As she gained one after another, she paused to look out upon the desolation. Burnt black lava was all around; "there was nothing but the immeasurable chaos of the stony desert." The dazzling whiteness of the snow was painfully contrasted with the shining black lava beside it. She had innumerable falls, cutting her hands at each on the lava points. After two hours of intense toil and suffering, she stood on the highest peak of Hecla; but to her surprise she found no crater. She had read minute accounts of a crater there, in works of travel; and she searched diligently and marked well the whole summit, but none could she find. Much lower down the mountain side she found some wide rents, whence those torrents of lava must have flowed.

She estimates the height of the mountain at four thousand, three hundred feet. I must give my readers her own account. "I was surrounded by the most dreadful ravines, caves, streams, hills, and valleys; I could hardly understand how I had reached this point, and was seized with horror at the thought which forced itself upon me, that perhaps I might never be able to find my way out of this terrible labyrinth of ruin.

"Here, on the highest peak of Hecla, I could look down, far and wide, upon the uninhabited land—the image of a torpid nature, passionless, inanimate, and yet sublime; an image which once seen can never be forgotten, and the remembrance of which will prove an ample compensation for all the toils and difficulties I have endured. A whole world of glaciers, mountains of lava, fields of snow and ice, rivers and miniature lakes, were included in that magnificent prospect; and the foot of man has never yet ventured within those regions of gloom and solitude. What must have been the fury of the resistless element which has produced all these effects? And yet is its rage now silenced forever? Will it be satisfied with the ruin it has worked? or does it only slumber, like the hundred-headed hydra, to burst forth anew with redoubled strength, and lay waste those few cultivated spots which are scattered now so sparingly through the land? I thank my God that he has allowed me to see this chaos of his creation; and I doubly thank him that my lot was cast in those *fair plains* where the sun more than divides the day from the night; where it animates plants and animals, and excites the heart of man to happiness and gratitude toward his Maker."

My limits are exhausted. We can not see Mad-ame safely down from Hecla, or back to her home in the Icelandic capital; much less can we go with her on her passage to Copenhagen on the "Hope;" and we need not regret this, as her quarters were in a miserable hole, and her fare bacon boiled in salt water, barley grits, codfish, and dried peas, and coffee without milk. On such a trip, with the uncouth Danish as the medium of conversation, I have no wish to go. We must let her explore Gottenburg alone, and deny ourselves the pleasure of her company on the canal of Gotha. We can not, therefore, go with her to dinner, where she was criticised as being "most obstinately silent."

Now, reader of the Repository, if this woman *alone* can explore the Holy Land, pass through Assyria, cross the plains of desolate Arabia, sail over the rough North Sea, visit the Geiser, climb the dizzy height of Hecla, and pass around the surface of the entire globe, what can not the woman of devoted Christian heart, who has consecrated all upon the altar of Christian effort, accomplish while upheld by the power of His might, who said, in the anguish of death, "**BEHOLD THY MOTHER!**"

*Not "forever." Five weeks after she left Iceland there was a most overwhelming eruption.

A VISION.

BY ALICE CARY.

AFTER two or three years passed in the jar and hurry of a great city, pleasantly enough, to be sure, and yet not altogether free from the "fever and the fret" so contagious in such atmospheres, I felt willing to break up the monotony by a return, for a time, to the simpler life into which I was born.

How delightful, I said, to wash off the dust in the dew; to breathe the odors of roses instead of the unwholesome compounds of the apothecaries; to exchange the white gas-light flaring in the streets for the glow of sunsets in the meadows: I should almost grow young again.

So the first May evening of the year I saw the smoke and the steeples fading; heard the noise of cart-wheels and the cries of chimney-sweeps and of fruit-venders lessening and lessening, till all was still—the city was behind me.

The engine's utmost speed was too slow for me; I was impatient of every delay; for between me and whatever would have else been pleasant came the thought of home.

I could not drink till I should draw up the well-water from under the locust, nor taste sweetness in bread because the wheat was the growth of fields I had never seen.

My fancy turned every thing into rural shapes—ridges of clouds overlapped each other like new-plowed furrows, patches of wild flowers seemed like fleeces drying in the grass, and the new moon in the sunset light like a sickle in a ripe millet-field.

All that had ever been harsh or dissonant in my experiences at home imagination softened and mellowed, as the eyes of the lover turn the defects of the loved one into beauty.

But the reality—let me come to that. The day was going down behind the near woods; the sheep went nibbling along the orchard hill, and the cattle were winding slowly homeward through the lane; the old oak was putting on its dull crimson, and the maples were losing fast their long yellowish flowers; a hundred swallows skimmed along the gray, steep-roofed barn, and the hawks sailed low on steady wings. There under the windows were the rose-bushes and the lilacs, a thousand little blue blossoms drooping on the stems of the first, and the crimson just breaking out of the mossy coats of the latter; the ground ivy was bright with purple stars, and, crushed beneath my feet, gave out its wild, pleasant smell. Nothing seemed changed—the very curtains at the windows I had seen bleaching in the May grass many a time. The row of wild cherry-trees fronting the house; the low, sprawling peach-trees on the slope; the hop vine clambering through the dead apple-tree; the three sturdy pear-trees huddled together as if in love of each other; the stump with the old man's beard trailing green across it—they were all

there; and the fringe of pinks and other common flowers along the walk, and the gleam of the white door through the smothering jasmín and honeysuckle.

There on the rustic porch I had sat often and often with one—but no matter; I would never sit there with him any more—and all at once the twilight was dark as night.

Some dreadful calamity that I knew not of must have fallen over the place. A method of secretly learning suggested itself, and, parting the thick vines, I stole softly back from the door, opened a side-gate, and, taking a narrow path worn along the grass, crossed the hollow where the spring was dry, and the dull muddy stones and the rank, wide-bladed grass made me listen for the snakes gliding between my steps, ascended the hill-side beyond, parted the boughs that hung low over the graveyard gate, and looked in. I scarcely started or trembled at what I saw—I had expected it—a new grave. There was no sod over it, no flowers about it—nothing but a little heap of clay.

Softly I went in, and, tying the long grasses, measured the mound's length; but there was no need of that to know who lay beneath—the brown eyes of pretty little Bettie would never again look into mine.

Beside her still bed all my beautiful dreams faded to the whiteness of a shroud. What was it that the woods were burning into gold about the sunset! what the sweet complaints of the whippowil, or the young moon or the stars! what was one, and what were all! The going out of that little life, unheard of and unloved but by a few, had changed, as with a mournful miracle, the face of this glorious world.

The two blue-eyed boys that played on the homestead floor made no brightness in the gloom. They might outgrow their baby clothes, become bearded men, and subdue whole forests, but somewhere and some time they would meet a foe that they could not subdue. Beautiful they might be, but they were mortal, and in that thought their prattling lost its pleasantness; so I lingered away from them by the new grave.

After a time of sorrow and tearful lamenting, the hedge of elders that hemmed the graveyard on the westward side seemed far away, so that I could not distinguish shrub from shrub—a green wall of beauty—that was all I could see.

Presently I saw birds flying out of it with wings white and blue, white as snow and blue as the sky—some with crimson rings on their necks, and some with black; and as they flew up and down they sung, songs like the echoes of heavenly music.

The sweetest of all sunsets staid among the clouds, fading never a hue; and the stars steadied themselves in the splendor, and looked upon the world. I have seen beautiful sunsets before and since, but that was like the opening of heaven.

I can not tell how the change came, and how, one by one, the familiar objects were lost, and in

their places things of wonderful glory. It was as if out of the bare meadow and dreary wood bloomed an Eden, and in the midst, where a fountain made the air misty, and indescribable flowers grew thick as sown wheat, there was a child with lengths of soft curls about her shoulders, and brown, melancholy eyes, full of unutterable love.

Wonderingly, and half in doubt, I looked upon her, for she was more beautiful in that sweet climate, and yet scarcely changed. In doubt, for, with the belief that I saw before me our pretty darling that was dead, there came a fear that it was a spirit that had been always a spirit, and not our little Bettie, with the brown eyes and soft hair; but as if she divined my thought, and, in sorrow for my incredulity, turned away, she crossed her hands behind her; and, vailing my eyes, I thanked God that he had permitted my mortal eyes to behold her, for by the crossing of the hands, the common habit of her earthly life, I knew that it was she; and when I lifted up my eyes, and saw only the dreary woods, and the blank meadow, and the elders by the graveyard, and the clayey mound, I knew still that it was she.

I never grieved for her again—not when my father, turning away his face, pointed to the little dress that hung on the wall, nor when I rocked the blue-eyed boys asleep in her cradle: she was cradled in the bosom of the good Shepherd. I grieved not for her, and yet I pined for the light of her eyes, for the softness of her caressing arms, for the music of her voice. The house where she lived and died was lonesome; nor there nor elsewhere has there seemed for me since any home in all the world.

Nothing was done as I had proposed to do, for without love labor is unprofitable; and the May went by without my planting any flowers, except about her grave.

I know not whether they bloom, or who tends them, for far from me now are the window-lights that reach toward them, and far the elders that shadow them; but, by the blessed vision, I know there are flowers about her that need not my tending, and lights that never go out.

When the stream leaves the sunshine and the flowers, and takes its dark and still way underground, the brightness of the verdure above betrays its course—and who shall say that when this mortal puts on immortality there is no trail of glory on the path?

IMAGINATION.

MANY have no happier moments than those that they pass in solitude, abandoned to their own imagination, which sometimes puts scepters in their hands or miters on their heads, shifts the scene of pleasure with endless variety, bids all the forms of beauty sparkle before them, and gluts them with every change of visionary luxury.

DIVERSITY THE SOUL OF HARMONY.

BY G. M. KELLOGG, M. D.

THERE is nothing by which the character of the Creator is more clearly revealed than through the endless diversity of his works, and in the blending of all into one harmonious whole. Here our admiration is not lost in our wonder, but both together exist, yet tempered by the holier feelings of love and reverence.

There is the harmony of sweet sounds—in the bright chorus which swells from attuned harps and voices which is the important note? Each and all are essential: are they not bound together by a silver cord, a bright chain? Should we remove a single link the magic of all sweetness is dissolved. By the union of sweet notes is formed the celestial strain, which vibrates through the tenderest fibers of the human soul. Harmony lies not in sound alone, but in the union of diverse elements. Thus God's works, though endlessly varied, still conspire to the advancement of one great end. There is ocean, with its restless, rolling billows, with the awful sublimity of its storms and the unruffled peacefulness of its calm, or with the light wave shivering and sparkling in the sun like a thousand prisms. There is land, teeming with vegetation and the quickening influence of animal life, with lofty mountains, intervening vales, and extended plains; its surface diversified by the foaming cataract, the gentle cascade, and the peaceful-flowing river. There is the forest-tree, with its wide-spreading branches, and the slender stem springing at its root, which trembles to the softest breath. The soft flower blooms in sweetness on the surface of a rugged cliff, and the samphire clings to surf-beaten ledges. The rainbow, fair offspring of light and gloom, seems born in a moment, and, embracing earth in its presence, nature is redolent with rosy light, the trees are tipped with its hues, and all beneath its ample arch brightens and rejoices.

Variety is the characteristic of all we see. Can we find a single tree or shrub the exact counterpart of another? No. Does this give the devotee of blind chance the slightest vantage-ground? No! but herein is the perfection of the whole. Let him stand on the verge of a mighty forest, as the wind sweeps through, and tremble: each tree gives forth its peculiar note, as it bends to the sweeping breeze, yet from all ascends a single solemn swell of unceasing harmony to the skies. Let him stand on the shore of ocean. A single breaker beats and bursts upon the strand, but the sound of its breaking is swallowed up and borne aloft in the eternal-voiced murmur of multitudinous waves. Here we behold the working of an all-pervading Intelligence—resemblance yet difference, harmony amid diversity. Shall we look forth upon the serene beauty of unclouded night, with its thousand sparklers? Is there one which is the exact image

of another? There is the bright star Sirius and the sweet star Lyra—bright emblem of that instrument potent to steal away men's hearts, and which happily has claimed and received the bright honors of a constellation.

There are many of these lights dim, yet are revived again in all their varied luster when we conceive them sinking away into immeasurable distance.

Is the sun a ball of fire? it is the source of light and heat. Though so widely differing from earth, it is its life. There is nothing horrible in the conception that it exists for this sole end; mere extent of creation is nothing—harmony is all, and diversity must exist. The moon we now regard as an arid ball, with shattered mountains, its surface broken by immense chasms, rugged and barren; yet a God, in his amplitude, has sent it revolving forever about our earth, to gladden us with its beauty and its varied forms. The many fine things which have been said of the moon—those spontaneous outbursts of the heart's full worship and love—would alone compensate for its existence. There is, perhaps, nothing more beautiful than the moon as it rises and shrouds a sleeping world in its silvery light. It has been the source of unmixed delight to all who have had eyes to see or hearts to feel, to both the uncivilized and the enlightened. The savage has hung it there as the white horn of the Great Hunter, and the Mohammedan has made its crescent the bright symbol of his faith.

Shall we not exclaim, "endlessly diversified are thy works!" "The heavens declare the glory of God;" the planets hymn it swinging in their viewless spheres; and all below conspires to swell the glad anthem of praise.

Does diversity appear in the physical universe, much more should we look to find it in the world of mind. Some there are who exclaim against the manifest difference which exists among minds, thereby exhibiting their discontent with an all-wise arrangement they but imperfectly comprehend. That there is this natural distinction is to them a "rock of offense;" it indicates partiality in the dispensation of gifts; and such are ready at once to assume that there is no such difference, and that which is apparent is only casual, thus becoming, indeed, votaries of chance. But observation teaches us the falsity of this view. Among the millions thronging earth, with their complex interests, there are no two souls alike: whence is this? Does not the solution lie in the harmony consequent? and as the more diverse the accordant notes the sweeter the strain, even so it is with the mind, but the harmony is as perfect and sublime as that creation itself, proceeding from Him whose sounding-board is time and whose scale is eternity.

It almost seems as if minds were the work of some grand experimentalist, with whom there is no such thing as repetition. If the destruction of the smallest atom that flits in the sunbeam would

do violence to law, if the annihilation of a satellite would wreck the material universe, what would be the result were a single soul stricken from existence? Are not minds as mutually dependent as forms of matter?

Hence, we say, to Creative Intelligence there is no such thing as distinction in point of value—one is absolutely essential to the perfection of the whole.

The diversity which exists among minds is the origin of all union, social or intellectual; giving rise to trade among individuals and commerce among nations, which is the grand promoter of civilization and refinement. By diversity of interest the tropics are knit to the arctic, and the west indissolubly linked to the east. Vessels, with sails distended to the perfumed breezes of the far south seas, return laden with the spices and luxuries of those sunlit isles, gliding over ocean like the bright glancing of dreams, and are between nations winged messengers of peace. Our ships sail to the purpling seas of southern Europe with the joint product of western industry and climes, and return with soft silks from the Italian looms.

No one can deny the distinction which exists between minds. We have the wayward course of the erratic genius, and the humble laborer bending beneath his weary load, whose capacities seem barely commensurate with his wants. Herein is the secret of all union; without it there could be no advancement in science or in art. There is a wide range of talent demanded in the prosecution of the natural and physical sciences. Here is a place for all—for the ardent theorist and the equally ardent collector; for the astronomer with far-pervading vision, or the patient and unwearied toiler, a Tycho Brahe. Here, too, genius may and will arise, glancing here and there, and lighting us on to unheard retreats of nature, revealing to our enraptured senses some new feature of her startling face, even as the immortal Linnaeus, who, kneeling at the lap of nature, there bound his brow with the true perennial wreath, and has, indeed, made our every step reveal a treasure, and our pathway to glisten with gems.

Difference among minds does not imply the same with respect to value: the brook contributes to the river, and the river to swell the ocean. If this is not so, then welcome the absurd belief of the ancients, that a sluggish mind is the slumbering strength of a giant intellect or a "divinity in disguise." How frivolous to declare he exact sphere of mind through all eternity! There must be a sphere for each soul in the universe, and of equal importance. Even here we can not in childhood predict the activity of manhood. A light may at times break in upon the brain; the innermost depths of the spirit may be stirred, even as the poor fishermen who rose, dropping their nets into the deep-blue waters of Galilee, and woke to the regeneration of a world; and in the future being we shall be waking up to new discoveries even forever.

CONVERSATION.

CONVERSATION is one of the polite arts of life—its end and aim being the cultivation of the graces and attractions of the social economy: he that possesses conversational powers in the highest degree, therefore, becomes a most efficient agent in imparting pleasure, and in contributing to the improvement of the social circle. Few acquisitions are of rarer attainment, from the neglect with which the subject is treated by the masses of society. It is not a little remarkable that many of the most cultivated minds are found deficient in conversation. Among the literati, perhaps the most illustrious and brilliant examples include the names of Rogers, the poet, and the late Countess of Blessington. Two things seem essential to the possession of good conversational powers—a competent knowledge of men and books, and a felicitous habit of expression; the former is to be acquired by observation and study; while the latter is more commonly an intuitive gift. Topics upon which to descant are manifold and various; the whole realm of nature and art, the boundless resources of knowledge, and the numberless incidents, phases, and accidents of human life, as well as the myriad forms of imagery that people the regions of thought and fancy—all supply themes of interesting discussion. What, for example, could afford subjects more pleasing or fertile for a quiet and sociable *tête-à-tête*, than the variegated treasures of Flora, the ever-changing and exquisite beauties of natural scenery, the investigations of pure science, and the accumulated wealth of human lore? If anecdote and humor are the pearls of polite conversation, the above-named constitute the pure gold for their setting, reflecting a tenfold splendor. Those, therefore, who are *au fait* at repartee, or who fill up the pauses which occur in graver discussions, by brilliant flashes of extempore wit, or a piquant story, good-natured sarcasm, or playful satire, achieve no inconsiderable service in the social gathering. The circumstance of time, place, and the character of the company, ought, of course, ever to govern the choice of topics, and the manner and method of their presentation. It would be absurd to expound a problem of Euclid to an elderly lady whose sphere of attainments never stretched beyond the details of the dormitory or the domestic duties of her domicile; and it would be equally inconsistent to attempt a grave dissertation on the treasures hidden in the heart of the earth to a fair nymph in love, whose interests lie all concentrated and clustered in the devoted heart of her lover. Fulsome flattery and all kinds of extravagant compliment are as obnoxious to good taste as the baneful practice of indulging *badinage*, or even personal invective. To a well-balanced and educated man the cultivated society of the opposite sex offers the highest possible attractions; for, in addition to the advantages to be derived from the interchange of elevated thought and sentiment, the most fascinating arts and graces are exhibited, which exert

a reciprocal and powerful influence, imparting a brilliancy and charm to every thing that is spoken. If to excel in the art of pleasing be the secret of success in that of conversation, commend us not infrequently to the refining elegance and challenging graces of educated female society: in such a school of the art, the pupil who should fail of academic honors would assuredly prove himself unworthy to share them. Among the most delightful of mental recreatives may be classed the exhilarating pleasures of intellectual intercourse; they constitute the life-fluid of our social being.

"O, TAKE ME HOME TO DIE!"*

BY MARY D. HARLAN

"O, DEAR me home!" a sufferer said,
 As wasted and pale she lay;
 "I wish to rest 'neath the cooling shade,
 Where in childhood I used to play;
 There the flowers are blooming fresh and fair,
 And the summer birds sweetly sing.
 I long to inhale that healthful air,
 And drink of that limpid spring.
 I know that my father hath pass'd away,
 And my mother is with the blest;
 That my brothers sleep there in the silent clay,
 And my sisters are gone to rest;
 That our household band is broken and gone,
 And a sadness breathes every-where:
 I know 'mid those scenes I shall feel alone,
 For my loved ones no longer are there;
 But my wasted cheeks are a deadly white;
 A shade o'er my brow is spread;
 I feel at my lonely heart the blight,
 And I soon shall repose with the dead;
 And I wish to take there my long, long sleep
 Beneath the same cooling shade,
 Where so often I lingered alone to weep
 O'er the graves where my kindred are laid."
 And they bore her away to that sunny spot,
 Where the cool breeze played through the bowers;
 They spread her a couch in that rural cot,
 Where the birds sweetly sang 'mid the flowers;
 And it seemed, from the light of her native home,
 That her eyes with new luster beamed,
 And on the wan cheek that had lost its bloom
 A halo most beautiful bloomed.
 And she lingered there at that home so dear,
 While the glad earth in sunshine was gay;
 And when autumn breathed a chill through the air,
 With the summer, she passed away.
 And they made her grave where she wished at last
 Her quiet repose might be;
 And the cold rain fell, and the autumn blast
 Sadly wailed through the leafless tree.

*Dying words of a young lady who was making her temporary residence with a brother in this city.

THE PAGAN MOURNERS.

BY REV. S. STEELE.

Forty miles up the southern shore of Lake Superior brings us to the remotest point of Qua-mahon Bay, and in the vicinity of a small Indian settlement, which in 1850—the date to which my narrative refers—was composed of four families. Ten miles below this place is situated the Indian mission, established by the lamented missionary, Rev. John Clark, of precious memory. It was formerly known as the Saut Ste. Marie mission, but now designated Nah-om-i-kong, it having been removed from the former place to the latter, which signifies “shoal point.”

The ostensible reason which influenced these families to remain so far removed from the mission settlement was their unwillingness to embrace the “new religion,” and a determined adherence to the traditional teachings of their Pagan ancestry; yet being brought into so close an approximation with the salutary influences of the mission, they had unconsciously imbibed much of its spirit, which materially affected their external condition.

A mutual attachment had sprung up between them of the most amicable and friendly character. Each was regarded by the other as a component part of the whole; and though living in separate apartments, they were one and indivisible in their pecuniary interests.

A marriage had recently been pompously celebrated among them by Pagan rites between the son of a veteran chief and a daughter of the wild forest, a beautiful specimen of female symmetry and beauty. It was the consummation of a union long deferred, though ardently sought to have been sooner accomplished by the friends of the bridal pair. The contingency which had so long prevented the matrimonial union was the intemperate habits of the young chief. Almost from childhood a reciprocal attachment had existed between them; and although the bride had long since yielded her heart's purest affections to her lover, she had wisely reserved her hand till she should, at least by promise, be indemnified against the seductive influences of intemperance. Her position in this regard had been deliberately taken, as the only means of securing her conjugal life against the fearful visitations of inebriation; and, with true heroic firmness, she remained alike impregnable against the frowns and flatteries of interested partisans. Her conditions were long rejected, as assuming, immodest, and dictatorial. To comply was supposed to compromise the dignity of the chieftainship, and to acknowledge the right of female usurpation and arrogance—a sentiment that has no countenance in Indian mythology. Yet in this historical transaction we have a beautiful example in which natural affection transcends the bounds of Pagan prescription, by conceding to woman the right of private judgment in matters affecting her connubial rela-

tions. The “pledge” was an acknowledged condition in the party stipulations, and the nuptial ceremonies were celebrated, to the great satisfaction of the fraternal band. A few days of uninterrupted enjoyment were spent in the wigwam of the aged chief, which was highly decorated for the occasion. Friendly salutations were received by the bridal party—not only from their own fraternity, but from many of the members of the mission settlement, who visited them for this purpose.

The exhausted state of their supplies, which had been collected for the occasion, now admonished them that sterner duties were before them. In order to replenish their wasted stores, a voyage to the Saut Ste. Marie became necessary, it being the nearest market where an adequate supply could be obtained. Urged by this necessity, the young chief, attended by a youthful brother of his bride and two others of the band, comprising the available strength of their settlement, departed for the distant market.

It was a lovely morning in June; the earliest rays of the sun were beginning to gild the towering peaks upon Victoria's mountain-side, as seen in dim outline across the blue expanse from the opposite shore, when the forest bride waved an affectionate adieu to her friends of the boat, who were sailing before a pleasant breeze. The responsive salutation from the voyagers instantly broke upon the stillness of the morning, and echoed in solemn cadence through the mighty forest. With steady gaze, as if held enchained by some mysterious influence, the entranced bride watched the distant sail till entirely lost to view by intervening waves; and long after it had wholly disappeared did her weary eyes rest upon the rippling waters in the vain hope of another view. Was it the beauty of the scenery upon which she gazed that had so captivated her soul, or were the thoughts of a brief separation from her friends capable of producing such results? or did she at that moment have some vivid presentiment of their impending fate? Who can tell? we are left to conjecture, as her lips upon the subject have ever maintained profound silence. From that moment her natural cheerful countenance changed to melancholy and sadness. Certain it was that the last view of her loved ones had passed forever away, and the dark waters upon which her eyes rested were soon to become the ever-changing tomb of the young chief and his ill-fated crew.

A day and a night only had intervened since they had left the watchful bride upon the shore of their native bay. With remarkable dispatch they had gained the destined port in safety, and stored their frail boat with necessary articles for their subsistence. Early on the morning of the 21st of June, 1850, with sails set before a strong, unsteady south wind, which facilitated their passage, they left for their forest home. The short passage up St. Mary's river was quickly made, and before them stretched the viewless waters of

Superior, the Queen of Lakes. Her bosom was heaving with convulsive throes, and, in furious desperation, she lashed her foaming waters upon her rock-bound coast, as if in determined opposition to the mountain's unyielding claim. Prudence would have dictated a speedy retreat from the yawning abyss, and to forego the pleasures of home for another day. A friend from the shore also expostulated with them to return by the consideration of personal safety; but all in vain. On they press amid the raging elements—now mounting the rising billows, and now sinking in the gulf below. A few long and tedious hours thus wore away in desperate effort between hope and despair, when a mighty surge engulfed them in the liquid waters, in full view of their own native home.

On the following day, the morning of the holy Sabbath, as some of the members of the mission settlement were threading their way to the place of worship, they discovered the boat of the unfortunate voyagers, capsized and driven ashore near our Mission Chapel. A little further below were found hats, bed, barrels, etc., belonging to the lost ones, leaving no doubt respecting their fate.

Was it rashness thus to commit so priceless a cargo to the merciless power of the contending elements? it was, at least, prompted by worthy motives. The image of the watchful bride upon the sightless shore still lingered upon their imagination, and impelled them onward, with erring rashness, to inevitable ruin. While, therefore, we pity their fate, and condemn the error by which it might have been avoided, we can but admire the motives that led to the inglorious sacrifice.

The melancholy tidings was borne to the widowed bride and her more aged friends of the Bay settlement; while prayer, fervent prayer, from the Mission Chapel ascended heavenward from the multitude of devout worshippers, imploring Divine support for the bereaved Pagans, and that the solemn providence might be overruled for their spiritual good. The youthful widow was particularized in their devotions. Her natural sweetness of disposition and correct moral deportment had placed her high in the affectionate regard of her more enlightened friends of the Mission settlement. They earnestly desired her emancipation from Pagan superstition into "the glorious light of the Gospel," which had so wonderfully changed their own condition, and excited pleasing hopes of future felicity.

The sun, which had been obscure during the day, was mildly shining upon the clouds in the western horizon, inspiring a scene of indescribable beauty, as the "Pagan mourners" made their appearance at the Mission settlement. They consisted of the aged chief and his wife, the widowed bride and her parents, with a sister much younger than herself. Their appearance was truly melancholy and heart-rending. The faces of the parents were blacked with coal, covering the whole surface, except as washed by the tears which profusely fell

from their swollen eyes. The widowed bride had displaced her costly ornaments which so recently decorated her person, and was painted with a narrow stripe of black, which parted her forehead and nose, gracefully curving round the mouth, and extending down to the chin. The expression of her countenance was one of untold agony, that found no expression in words or relief in tears.

The boat with its scattered cargo had been collected, and placed upon the beach near the Mission Chapel; and thither the mourning group were conducted, attended by many sympathizing friends. As the eye of the bereaved ones caught a view of the silent-tongued messengers before them, a burst of the most agonizing lamentations poured forth their incessant moans, painful even now to contemplate. In it all participated save the widowed bride. No expressions of grief escaped her lips, or tears flowed from her vagrant eyes. She stood like a marble statue, and gazed with a wild expression, that has since ever haunted my vision as the very personification of despair.

For days these Pagan mourners, regardless of the weather, traversed the shore of their native bay, in the vain hope of finding the bodies of their lost ones. A low, guttural, mourning sound marked their progress and indicated their approach. The youthful bride would seem to linger behind with tardy step, as if to shun the influence of their wailing cry, which had degenerated into a formal ceremony of "mourning for the dead." Hers was sorrow that found no outlet, either in words or in tears.

It was upon these daily excursions that, faint and weary, they would seek repose in the mission family. These visitations presented favorable opportunities for the impartation of religious instruction, and eternity alone will disclose the influence of those social interviews upon the mind of these benighted Pagans.

It was at one of these social visitations, where Christ was presented as the sovereign remedy for human suffering, that the fountain of tears was unsealed in the soul of the despairing widow, and she found relief from their indulgent flow. With the most intense interest would she listen to the story of the cross, and manifested the deepest gratitude to the humble author of her instructions.

A few weeks passed, and the bereaved one applied for admission to the ordinance of holy baptism. She said, "I wish to be a Christian; will you admit me to your circle?" It was a day of rejoicing in the Mission settlement when this Pagan child of the forest kneeled at the shrine of mercy, and received the seal of God's faithful promise. Her countenance still wore the lines of sorrow and bereavement, yet trustful hope and confidence had dispelled the image of despair under which she had long writhed in silent agony. To the question, "Wilt thou renounce the devil and all his work," etc.? she emphatically answered, in her own language, "With all my heart, sir," and burst

into a flood of tears. It was the signal for a general burst of feeling from the entire audience, which continued, in subdued sobs, till the benediction dispersed them to their homes.

The more aged members of the Bay settlement were present upon the occasion; and though they have not formally embraced Christianity, they have yielded their opposition to it, and have removed to the Mission settlement, and attend upon its ministrations.

Two years have passed away since Mary Sabin—for such was the name imparted at her baptism—embraced the “new religion,” and her life is a beautiful illustration of its *meek* and *holy* character.

CURIOSITIES OF SLEEP.

THERE are some curious incidents on record of sleeping and waking. In Turkey, if a person happens to fall asleep in the neighborhood of a poppy-field, and the wind blows over toward him, he becomes gradually narcotized, and would die, if the country people, who are well acquainted with the circumstance, did not bring him to the next well or stream, and empty pitcher after pitcher on his face and body. Dr. Oppenheim, during his residence in Turkey, owed his life to this simple and efficacious treatment. Dr. Graves, from whom this anecdote is quoted, also reports the case of a gentleman, thirty years of age, who, from long-continued sleepiness, was reduced to a complete living skeleton, unable to stand on his legs. It was partly owing to disease, but chiefly to the abuse of mercury and opium, till at last, unable to pursue his business, he sank into abject poverty and woe. Dr. Reid mentions a friend of his, who, whenever any thing occurred to distress him, soon became drowsy, and fell asleep. A fellow-student also, at Edinburgh, upon hearing suddenly the unexpected death of a near relative, threw himself on his bed, and almost instantaneously, amidst the glare of noonday, sunk into a profound slumber. Another person, reading aloud to one of his dearest friends stretched on his death-bed, fell fast asleep, and, with the book still in his hand, went on reading, utterly unconscious of what he was uttering. A woman at Hanault slept seventeen or eighteen hours a day for fifteen years. Another is recorded to have slept once for forty days. A man twenty-five years of age, at Timsbury, near Bath, once slept for a month, and in two years he slept again for seventeen days. Dr. Macnish mentions a woman who spent three-fourths of her life in sleep; and Dr. Elliotson, who has collected several instances of this sort, quotes the case of a young lady who slept for six weeks, and recovered. Herodotus, in “Melpomene,” alludes incredulously to a race of the Scythians, or Tartars, in the extreme north, who were reported to sleep away six months of the year. “Two young gentlemen,” says Dr. Graves, “college-students, went to bed in perfect

health the night previous to their examination; they slept soundly; the elder one rose early in the morning, and left his younger brother in bed still asleep; he remained so for two hours more, having slept altogether more than ten hours, when he awoke in a state of complete insanity.” The same author likewise relates the case of a gentleman who fell asleep with his head resting on his hands, folded together before on the table, after dinner. On awakening, one arm was paralyzed, and remained paralytic to the day of his death, which followed not very long afterward. The celebrated General Elliott, Frederick the Great, and John Hunter, seldom slept more than four or five hours in the twenty-four. Dr. Macnish mentions a lady, in perfect health, who never slept more than three or four hours in the twenty-four, and then only half an hour at a time. General Pichegru, according to Sir Gilbert Blane, had only one hour’s sleep in the same space of time for a whole year. The venerable St. Augustine, of Hippo, prudently divided his hours into three parts: eight he devoted to sleep, eight to recreation, and eight to converse with the world. De Moivre slept twenty hours out of the twenty-four. Quin, the celebrated player, could at his pleasure slumber twenty-four hours in succession; and Dr. Reid could, when he liked, take as much food and as much sleep as would serve him for a couple of days. Theodosius, falling asleep in the morning-watch of his last great battle, saw in his dreams an apparition that assured him of the victory over his desperate foe Eugenius; and the issue of the forthcoming day verified, or coincided with, this strange presentiment. The Dauphin, son of the unfortunate Louis XVI, the descendant of the sovereigns of France and Navarre, shut up in a loathsome nook, with a hole in the wall, through which his scanty rations were thrust, was killed by the want of sleep. His feverish temples were scarcely laid upon his pallet, when a stern voice pealed round the walls—*Capet, où es tu? dors tu?* By a refinement of cruelty of this description, his ductile and confiding spirit, drawn out to the last gasp, silently gave up the ghost, on the 8th of June, in his tenth year, 1795. The famous St. Dominic never reposed except on the floor, or the bare boards, which served him for a bed. St. Bonaventura, one of the first Franciscans, made use of a common stone of some size, instead of a pillow; and St. Peter of Alcantara slept but one hour and a half in the twenty-four hours for forty years together, either kneeling or standing, with his head leaning aside, on a little piece of wood fastened for that purpose in the wall. He usually ate but once in three days; yet he lived to be old, though his body was so attenuated and weak that it seemed to be composed of the roots of trees, and his skin so parched that it resembled the dry bark of a tree, rather than flesh. People may sleep in all sorts of postures. According to Mr. Wilkinson, the ancient Egyptians, who, as every body knows, shaved their scalps, slept

with their heads resting on an iron prong, like that of a pitchfork, welshed with something soft. This they did for the sake of keeping their heads cool, which they supposed strengthened their wits. The postillion will sleep on horseback, and the sentinel at his post. An entire battalion of infantry have been known to sleep on the march. It is about three or four o'clock in the morning that this propensity to sleep is the most overpowering—the moment seized upon by troops for driving in the evening's outposts, and taking the bivouac by surprise. Maniacs are reported, particularly in the eastern hemisphere, to become furiously vigilant during the full of the moon, more especially when the deteriorating ray of its polarized light is permitted to fall into their apartment: hence the name *lunatics*. There certainly is a greater proneness to disease during sleep than in the waking state; for those who pass the night in the Campagna di Roma inevitably become infected with its noxious air, while travelers who go through without stopping escape the miasma. Intense cold induces sleep, and they who perish in the snow sleep on till they sleep the sleep of death.—*Journal of Psychological Medicine*.

A SKETCH—LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON.

BY REV. A. W. ALLEN.

THE beautiful village of Plattsburg, N. Y., was the birthplace and home of two of the most gifted minds of this country. Lucretia and Margaret Davidson are names dear to thousands, and will be fondly cherished while the love of genius finds a place in the human heart. Their home was surrounded by every thing that is lovely and charming in nature. It is thus briefly but beautifully described by Margaret:

"There stood on the banks of the Saranac a small, neat cottage, which peeped forth from the surrounding foliage—the image of rural quiet and contentment. An old-fashioned piazza extended along the front, shaded with vines and honey-suckles; the turf on the bank of the river was of the richest and brightest emerald; and the wild rose and sweetbrier, which twined over the neat inclosure, seemed to bloom with more delicate freshness and perfume within the bounds of this earthly paradise. The scenery around was wildly yet beautifully romantic; the clear, blue river, glancing and sparkling at its feet, seemed only as a preparation for another and more magnificent view, when the stream, gliding on to the west, was buried in the broad, white bosom of Champlain, which stretched back, wave after wave, in the distance, till lost in faint blue mists that veiled the sides of its guardian mountains, seeming more lovely from their indistinctness."

Such was the home of these sisters. It is to

Lucretia, the eldest, we wish to invite attention in this sketch. She was born September 27, 1808. In her earliest childhood she was exceedingly feeble, and her disposition evinced great sensibility. At four years of age she was sent to school, where she learned to read. She soon became greatly delighted in books, and preferred them to childish sports. She showed a great fondness for writing; but it was not known to what extent she indulged in this exercise till she was six years old, when her mother found in a closet several small books filled with pictures with their explanations. These books astonished her parents and friends. It was thought impossible that they should be the productions of a child not six years of age. Lucretia, on learning that the books were found, became greatly agitated, and, with her cheeks bathed in tears, exclaimed, "O, mamma! mamma! how could you treat me so? My little books—you have showed them to papa—Anne—Eliza! I know you have. O, what shall I do?" Her mother promised never to do so again. "O, mamma," she replied, with a smile on her countenance, "I am not afraid of that, for I have burned them all." Such was her modesty.

She early evinced great conscientiousness, and desired to do only what was pleasing to God. The thought that she had done wrong, even in her gayest moments, was exceedingly painful to her. Fearing she had done something sinful, she would say, "Mother, was that wicked?" Her parents early taught her the fear of the Lord, and it is not surprising that religion should take a deep hold of a heart so susceptible.

She continued to pursue her studies with increasing delight, though somewhat interrupted by domestic cares. Her mother being an invalid, it became necessary that a part of her time should be devoted to family duties. One day, when about twelve, her elder sister found her engaged in composition. "She had sketched an urn, and written two stanzas under it. She was persuaded to show them to her mother. She brought them blushing and trembling. Her mother was ill in bed; but she expressed her delight with such unequivocal animation that the child's face changed from doubt to rapture, and she seized the paper, ran away, and immediately added the concluding stanzas. When they were finished, her mother pressed her to her bosom, wept with delight, and promised her all the aid and encouragement she could give her. The sensitive child burst into tears. 'And do you wish me to write, mamma? and will papa approve? and will it be right that I should do so?' The following are the verses:

'And does a hero's dust lie here?
Columbia, gaze, and drop a tear:
His country's and the orphan's friend,
See thousands o'er his ashes bend.

Among the heroes of the age,
He was the warrior and the sage;
He left a train of glory bright,
Which never will be hid in night.

The toils of war and danger past,
He reaps a rich reward at last;
His pure soul mounts on cherub's wings,
And now with saints and angels sings.

The brightest on the list of Fame,
In golden letters shines his name;
Her trump shall sound it through the world,
And the striped banner ne'er be furled.

And every sex and every age,
From lisping boy to learned sage,
The widow, and her orphan son,
Revere the name of WASHINGTON."

Some doubts being expressed whether Lucretia was the real author of the stanzas greatly afflicted the sensitive girl; but her poetic remonstrance, which she wrote in self-defense, removed all doubts. Often, amid her domestic employments, she would listen to the voice of her muse, and would be found, pen in hand, writing some of her sweet and enchanting verses. Having promised on a certain day to do some sewing, she commenced preparations for the work; but returned, after a long absence, not having performed it. "Where have you been, Lucretia?" inquired her mother, in a tone of displeasure. "O, mamma, I did forget; I am grieved," she replied, and then gives the following account of herself: "As I passed the window, I saw a solitary sweet pea. I thought they were all gone. This was alone. I ran to smell it, but, before I could reach it, a gust of wind broke the stem. I turned away disappointed, and was coming back to you; but as I passed the table there stood the inkstand, and I forgot you." But on listening to the following beautiful lines the mother soon forgave her:

"The last flower of the garden was blooming alone,
The last rays of the sun on its blushing leaves shone;
Still a glittering drop on its bosom reclined,
And a few half-blown buds 'midst its leaves were entwined.
Say, lovely one, say, why lingerest thou here?
And why on thy bosom reclines the bright tear?
'Tis the tear of the zephyr—for summer 'twas shed,
And for all thy companions now withered and dead.
Why lingerest thou here, when around thee are strown
The flowers once so lovely, by autumn blasts blown?
Say, why, sweetest floweret, the last of thy race,
Why lingerest thou here the lone garden to grace?
As I spoke, a rough blast, sent by winter's own hand,
Whistled by me, and bent its sweet head to the sand;
I hastened to raise it—the dew-drop had fled,
And the once lovely flower was withered and dead."

Most of her poetic pieces were written with great rapidity. In writing some of her poems—such as "Chicomicos," "Amie Khan," and others—she sought seclusion. Of her, on one of these occasions, her mother gives the following description: "I entered her room—she was sitting with scarcely light enough to discern the characters she was tracing; her harp was in the window, touched by a breeze just sufficient to rouse the spirit of harmony; her comb had fallen on the floor, and her long, dark ringlets hung in rich profusion over her neck and shoulders; her cheek glowed with animation; her lips were half unclosed; her full, dark eye was radiant with the light of genius, and

beaming with sensibility; her head rested on her left hand, while she held her pen in her right. She looked like the inhabitant of another sphere. She was so wholly absorbed that she did not observe my entrance. I looked over her shoulder, and read the following lines:

"What heavenly music strikes my ravished ear,
So soft, so melancholy, and so clear?
And do the tuneful Nine then touch the lyre,
To fill each bosom with poetic fire?
Or does some angel strike the sounding strings,
Who caught from echo the wild note he sings!
But, ah! another strain! how sweet! how wild!
Now, rushing low, 'tis soothing, soft, and mild."

These, with the following added to them, addressed to her Æolian harp, she soon brought to her mother:

"And tell me now, ye spirits of the wind,
O, tell me where those artless notes to find—
So softly now, so loud, so sweet, so clear,
That even angels might delighted hear!
But, hark! those notes again majestic rise,
As though some spirit, banished from the skies,
Had hither fled to charm Æolus wild,
And teach him other music, sweet and wild
Then hither fly, sweet mourner of the air,
Then hither fly, and to my harp repair;
At twilight chant the melancholy lay,
And charm the sorrows of thy soul away."

She read history, poetry, and various works of the imagination. Dramatic works charmed her most. She read Shakspeare with delight, though conscious of his faults, as the following lines will show, written when but fourteen years of age:

"Shakspeare, with all thy faults—and few have more—
I love thee still, and still will con thee o'er.
Heaven, in compassion to man's erring heart,
Gave thee of virtue, then of vice, a part,
Lest we, in wonder here, should bow before thee,
Break God's commandment, worship, and adore thee;
But admiration now, and sorrow join;
His works we reverence, while we pity thine."

The Bible was her choice book—this she loved and valued most of all. This was the book of her constant study. Some portions of its poetic parts she committed to memory. The Savior's life, as recorded in the New Testament, was read by her with deep interest, as some of her poetic pieces show.

About this time her little sister Margaret was born. The following lines she addressed to her:

"Sweet babe, I can not hope that thou'lt be freed
From woes, to all since earliest times decreed;
But may'st thou be with resignation blessed,
To bear each evil, howsoever distressed!
May Hope her anchor lend amid the storm,
And o'er the tempest rear her angel form!
May sweet Benevolence, whose words are peace,
To the rude whirlwind softly whisper, Cease!
And may Religion, Heaven's own darling child,
Teach thee at human cares and griefs to smile;
Teach thee to look beyond that world of woe,
To heaven's high fount, whence mercies ever flow!
And when this vale of years is safely passed,
When death's dark curtain shuts the scene at last,
May thy freed spirit leave this earthly sod,
And fly to seek the bosom of thy God!"

It was proposed to send Lucretia to a seminary in Troy, where she would have a good opportunity of pursuing her studies. Her appearance at this time is thus described by one well acquainted with her: "Miss Davidson was just sixteen. Her complexion was the most beautiful brunette, clear and brilliant, of that warm tint that seems to belong to lands of the sun rather than to our chilled regions; indeed, her whole organization, mental as well as physical, her deep and quick sensibility, her early development, were characteristics of a warmer clime than ours: her stature was of the middle height; her form slight and symmetrical; her hair profuse, dark, and curling; her mouth and nose regular, and as beautiful as if they had been chiseled by an inspired artist; and through this fitting medium beamed her angelic spirit."

On reaching Troy she commenced her studies with deep interest; but it was too much for her delicate and feeble constitution. The close air and excitements of a city boarding-school made sad inroads upon her health. Still she toiled on in her studies, and for most of the time appeared cheerful and happy. But the clear air of Lake Champlain was not there. Her tasks were too hard; her excitements too great. The following extract of a letter to her mother will show her feelings in reference to an approaching examination: "We are all engaged, heart and hand, preparing for this awful examination. O, how I dread it! But there is no retreat. I must stand firm to my post, or experience the anger, vengeance, and punishments which will, in case of delinquency or flight, be exercised with the most unforgiving acrimony. We are in such cases excommunicated, henceforth and forever, under the awful ban of holy Seminary; and the evil eye of false report is upon us. But nothing short of real and absolute sickness can excuse a scholar in the eyes of Mrs. W. Even that will not do in the Trojan world around us; for if a young lady is ill at examination, they say, with a sneer, 'O, she is ill of an examination fever!' Thus, you see, we have no mercy either from friends or foes."

After an absence of a few months she returned to her loved home. The fond parents were once more permitted to embrace their darling daughter; but what a change! Her cheek clearly told that the destroyer had marked her for his early victim. And strange, indeed! it was decided that she should attend school in Albany, where, in the course of a few weeks, she was arduously pursuing her studies. But her stay here was short. Her strength soon began to decline, and she thus writes her mother: "I am very wretched: am I never to hear from you again? I am homesick. I know I am foolish, but I can not help it. To tell the truth, I am half sick; I am so weak, so languid. I can not eat. I am nervous; I know I am. I weep most of the time. I have blotted the paper so that I can not write." Her mother soon set off for Albany, and was received by her sick daughter joyfully. "O,

mamma," she exclaimed, "I thought I should never have seen you again! But now I have you here, and lay my aching head upon your bosom. I shall soon be better."

She was soon able to return with her mother to Plattsburg, and she was greatly delighted on reaching home. Hopes were cherished of her recovery; but, alas! they were vain hopes. She met the "king of terrors" calmly, joyfully, triumphantly. She was not afraid to die. Her "end was peace." Sweetly did she fall "asleep," and rest in the bosom of her Savior.

She died August 27, 1825, a short time before her seventeenth birthday. Her literary labors are surprising. "They consist of two hundred and seventy-eight poetical pieces, of which there are five regular poems, of several cantos each; three unfinished romances; a complete tragedy, written at thirteen years of age; and twenty-four school exercises; besides letters, of which forty are preserved, written in the course of a few months to her mother alone." Well may she be called one of the "wonders of humanity." Some of her productions were greatly admired by Lord Byron. Her stay on earth was short, but she performed nobly her work, and her spirit, seemingly too pure for earth, passed to the world of light, purity, and glory.

THE OLD BUTTONWOOD-TREE.

—
BY MRS. SARAH M. OSBURN.

How green was the bank; the lilies how bright,
As they parted their lips to welcome the light;
While the robin chanted his merriest glee
'Mid the glossy leaves of the buttonwood-tree.

It stood in the meadow, and shaded the bridge
That led to our cottage from over the ridge;
And a clear, cool stream, with a current free,
Went laughing along by the buttonwood-tree.

Memory often with fondness lingers
'Neath its long, white arms and tasseled fingers;
For often at noon, from our school lessons free,
We sported and sang 'neath the buttonwood-tree.

Lavina was there, as pleasant and sweet
As the wild pinks that budded and bloomed at her feet;

And Harriet, too, with a laugh as free
As the zephyr that waved the buttonwood-tree.

The willow and balm on the water's brink
Crept playfully down to bathe and drink;
Where the spotted trout we could often see
If we quietly stole to the buttonwood-tree.

Years hurried away, and bore in their flight
Many an innocent source of delight;
But thronging they come, in bright colors, to me
When memory turns to the buttonwood tree.

THE MARRIAGE ALTAR.

JUDGE CHARLTON, in a recent eloquent address before the Young Men's Library Association, at Augusta, Ga., thus sketches the marriage scene:

"I have drawn for you many pictures of death; let me sketch for you a brief, but bright scene of beautiful life. It is the marriage altar. A lovely female, clothed in all the freshness of youth and surpassing beauty, leans upon the arm of him to whom she has just plighted her faith; to whom she has just given up herself forever. Look in her eyes, ye gloomy philosophers, and tell me, if you dare, that there is no happiness on earth.

"See the trusting, heroic devotion which impels her to leave country, parents, for a comparative stranger. She has launched her frail bark upon a wide and stormy sea, she has handed over her happiness and doom for this world, to another's keeping; but she has done it fearlessly, for love whispers to her that her chosen guardian and protector bears a manly and a noble heart. O, woe to him that forgets his oath and his manhood!

'Her dark wing shall the raven flap
O'er the false-hearted,
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
Ere life be parted.
Shame, dishonor sit
On his grave ever,
Blessing shall hallow it
Never! O, never!'

"We have all read the story of the husband who in a moment of hasty wrath said to her who had but a few months before united her fate to his, 'If you are not satisfied with my conduct, go and return to your friends and your happiness.' 'And will you give that back which I brought to you?' asked the despairing wife. 'Yes,' he replied, 'all your wealth shall go to you; I covet it not.' 'Alas!' she answered, 'I thought not of my wealth—I spoke of my devoted loves; can you give these back to me?' 'No!' said the man, as he flung himself at her feet, 'no! I can not restore these, but I will do more—I will keep them unsullied and unstained; I will cherish them through my life and my death; and never again will I forget that I have sworn to protect and cherish her who gave up to me all she held most dear.'

"Did I not tell you there was poetry in a woman's look—a woman's word? See it there! the mild, the gentle reproof of love winning back from its harshness and rudeness the stern and unyielding temper of an angry man. Ah! if creation's fair only knew their strongest weapons, how many of wedlock's fiercest battles would be unfought! how much of unhappiness and coldness would be avoided!"

"EVERY man" says Gibbon, "who rises above the common level has received two educations—the first from his teachers; the second, more personal and important, from himself."

THE MODEL LITERARY CRITIC.

He weighs about one hundred and twenty pounds. His face is as sharp as a dull hatchet; his knees have an inclination for each other; his toes turn in. He drinks strong black tea, and eats only twice a day. He is very fond of pickles and apple-sauce. His constant care is to avoid good-natured people and children, unless the latter are very ill-natured, ugly, and squalling. He is never seen out of doors excepting in stormy weather, when he may be seen in the most slippery and muddy places. He has the greatest abhorrence of fat people, as they are seldom fidgety or cross. He can not bear the sunshine, excepting in dog days. He lodges in an attic at the back part of the house, as his chance is better for being in the vicinity of caterwaulings and the barking of dogs.

When the spring comes, he keeps his solitary window closed, and stops his ears with wool, for fear he shall hear the singing of the birds. He gets in debt to as many as possible—to his landlady in particular; as he will not deny himself the gratification of being dunned by her, she does it so exceedingly peppery. He writes at the narrowest, steepest, and most uncomfortable desk, that the genius of the critic only could devise; where he squares himself off at presumptuous pen-drivers, generally between sundown and dark, and hits them such digs, the philosophy of which is truly astonishing. He tells them that they can never be a Daniel Webster, a Henry Clay, or some other great character, and, consequently, had better go to digging potatoes at once. When he goes to bed, he lays himself on his back, with his heels higher than his head, sanguine in the hope of having the nightmare, the better to fit him for his agreeable task on the morrow.

TEARS.

WHENEVER we behold a tear, let our kindest sympathies awake—let it have a sacred claim upon all that we can do to succor and comfort under affliction. What rivers of tears have flown, excited by the cruel and perverse ways of man! War has spread its carnage and desolation, and the eyes of widows and orphans have been suffused with tears! Intemperance has blighted the homes of millions, and weeping and wailing have been incessant! A thousand other evils which we may conquer have given birth to tears enough to constitute a flood—a great tide of grief. Suppose we prize this little philosophy, and each one determine not to excite a tear in another—how pleasantly will fare mankind! Watching the eye as the telegraph of the mind within, let us observe it with anxious regard; and whether we are moved to complaint by the existence of supposed or real wrongs, let the indication of the coming tear be held as a sacred truce to unkindly feeling, and all our efforts be devoted to the substitution of smiles for tears.

LOCAL ATTACHMENTS.

PERHAPS no more beautiful passage could be cited from any historian, than Xenophon's description of the feelings of those whose memorable retreat he had himself led—the remnant of the renowned Ten Thousand. After all their danger, after all their escapes, they at length reached the summit of a sacred mountain, and the sea broke upon their sight. Uttering a shout of joy, they dashed off their bucklers, and rushed wildly on. Some laughed with delight, others wept in the fullness of their hearts; while many, falling on their knees, blessed the ocean “across whose blue waters, like floating sea-birds, the memorials of their happy homes came and fanned their weary souls.” There are few, if indeed any, who can not sympathize with their feelings, though they are best understood by those who have watched the waves, and felt the breezes which have been wafted from a home from which they have been long and far away, and to which return seems more than doubtful.

The strength and constancy of local attachment has been proved in every situation in life. The successful and the unfortunate are alike under its influence. How often do those, surrounded by all that can interest and excite, pine after their early homes, lonely and secluded though they be; and, amidst the cares of life, how does the troubled spirit look back to the haunts of former days—the paths so often trod, the song of birds amidst the old familiar trees, and the wild flowers heedlessly gathered in childish sport! Though these are but trifles, they are among the dearest treasures of memory.

There are so many associations with the scenes we love, that, after a long absence, even the addition of an embellishment, or the removal of a defect, is seen with some degree of pain. We can well enter into the feelings of Chalmers, when he went on a visit to his father's house, where every thing brought back the memory of early days. “I proceeded to the manse,” he says. “I remarked that the large gate labored under its wonted difficulty of opening; and this circumstance brought the olden time with a gush of tenderness.” A word, a look, may bring back to the mind the most vivid local impressions. Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, mentions, in one of his introductory lectures, that while at school in Cecil county, in Maryland, it was a favorite amusement with him and his school-fellows on holidays, to go into the field belonging to a neighboring farmer, to see an eagle's nest, and to watch her at the time of incubation. The daughter of the farmer used sometimes to accompany them. After some years had passed, the little girl grew up and married, and, as it happened, settled in Philadelphia. A change, too, had come over the school-boy, when she and Dr. Rush, now a medical practitioner, met again. In their chance interviews, those early scenes were often reverted to—the pleasant walks, the romantic

paths, and, above all, the eagle's nest in her father's field. Forty years and more had gone since those merry days, when he was called on as physician to visit her. She was in the lowest stage of a typhus fever at the time. As Dr. Rush entered the room, he caught her eye, and he said in a cheerful tone: “The eagle's nest!” She was unable to speak, but he had touched the right chord. She seized his hand, while her countenance expressed all the emotions which he had awakened—the home of her youth, her early companions and friends, and all the innocent enjoyments of childhood, rushed at once to her recollection, and produced a reaction in her state. From that moment the complaint took a favorable turn, and she recovered. So possessed was she with the conviction that these magic words had effected her cure, that her first salutation to Dr. Rush ever after was: “The eagle's nest!”

Dr. Rush mentions another striking case, in which a vivid recollection of home was suddenly awakened, by which an immediate physical effect was produced. It was that of an old African slave, who had been absent from his country for fifty years. His long course of slavery had induced a torpidity of mind and body. With his master's permission, he went to see a lion, which was conducted as a show through the state of New Jersey. The effect was instantaneous. The sight of the animal which he had been accustomed to see in his native country brought back all its associations. Home, friends, and liberty, burst at once upon his recollection. The effect was truly marvelous. Mind and body at once relaxed, and he vented his feelings by jumping, dancing, and the most vehement acclamations. Nothing, indeed, brings us back to former days more instantly than old familiar sounds. We all know what uncontrollable feelings have been excited by the *Ranz des Vaches*, and the sound of the Scottish pipes. Even the sounds that float through the air, “waked by no minstrel's hand,” assume the tones of some melody from home. While on the wide seas, sailors frequently think they hear their village bells; and the author of *Eothen* mentions hearing the chimes from his native village while traveling through the desert. Simple objects are invariably those which awaken the most tender recollections; nay, their very insignificance, under some circumstances, enhances their effect. “While we were at dinner,” says Captain King, “in this miserable hut, on the banks of the river Awatska—the guests of a people with whose existence we had before been scarce acquainted, and at the extremity of the habitable globe—a half-worn, familiar-looking pewter spoon attracted our attention; and on examination, we found it stamped on the back with the word *London*. I can not pass over this circumstance in silence, out of gratitude for the many pleasant thoughts, the anxious hopes, and tender remembrances it excited in us.” We are told of a visit which Johnson paid not long before his

death, which gave him infinite delight—it was to a hollow tree at Lichfield, of which he had been fond in his boyish days.

Macaulay, in speaking of local attachment, says, that it is generally found strongest in great minds. He quotes from Lord Clive's letters to show how, in the scenes of excitement and grandeur, his heart yearned after home. "If I should be so far blest," he says, "as to revisit again my own country, but more especially Manchester, the center of all my wishes, all that I could hope for or desire would be presented before me in one view." He tells us how powerfully Warren Hastings was attached to the seat of his ancestors at Daylesford, in Worcestershire: the family being unable to keep it up, had sold it to a merchant of London. Macaulay goes on to say: "The daily seeing the lands which his ancestors had possessed, and which had passed into the hands of strangers, filled his young brain with wild fancies and projects. One bright summer day, the boy, then just seven years old, lay on the bank of the rivulet which flows through the old domain of his house to join the Isis; there—at threescore and ten years later, he told the tale—rose on his mind a scheme, which, through all the turns of his eventful career, was never abandoned: he would recover the estate which had belonged to his father—he would be Hastings of Daylesford. When, under a tropical sun, he ruled fifty millions of Asiatics, his hopes, amidst all the cares of war, finance, and legislation, still pointed to Daylesford; and when his long public life, so singularly checkered with good and evil, with glory and obloquy, had at length closed forever, it was to Daylesford he retired to die." It is, indeed, most affecting to see the home which has been hallowed by affection, and endeared by the earliest recollections, pass into the hands of strangers. Poor Cowper, in his youth, had this to lament: it had never occurred to him that the glebe where his father lived belonged to the parish rectory he held, and was not his own property; the sorrow he felt when he found it was about to be inhabited by another, is so affectingly touched on by himself, that it should be given in no other words: "There was neither tree, nor gate, nor stile in all that country, to which I did not feel a relation; and the house itself I preferred to a palace. I was sent for from London to attend my father in his last illness, and he died just before I arrived; then, and not till then, I felt for the first time that I and my native place were disunited forever. I sighed a long adieu to fields and woods from which I once thought I should never be parted, and was at no time so sensible of their beauties, as just when I left them all behind me, to return no more.

It has been told, and on good authority, that when the Marquis of Wellesley was an old man, after he had been governor-general of India, and had filled one of the highest ministerial offices in England, he one day went to the New Forest. Sixty years had elapsed since he had been last

there, but its scenes were never to be forgotten. It was there he had met one whom he had passionately loved, one who had fondly returned his affection, and who had died in the brightness of her youth. The luster and activity of a long life were forgotten in the dearer recollections associated with the scenes of these early loves; every morning he drove to the immediate neighborhood of the abode where they had been domesticated, and there, alighting from his carriage, he would wander through all the paths they used to tread, to feel too deeply that "ambition is no cure for love."

Ward tells us, that the Hindoos are strongly attached to their homesteads. Though the head of a family be employed in a distant part of the country, though the homesteads be almost in ruins, they cling still to the family inheritance with a fondness bordering on superstition. Tempted by the intense love of home, soldiers and sailors have often deserted, running fearful risk of detection, which indeed they do not often escape. Criminals, in their longings after home, have ventured from the places where they sought concealment, and have thus fallen into the hands of justice. Governor Wall, after he had been indicted for murder, and apprehended, contrived to make his escape to the continent, where he remained for many years. Part of the time he spent at Naples, where he was received into the best society, and treated with great kindness: a longing to visit home, however, induced him to forego the advantage of security and social intercourse, and he returned at all risks. Here he lingered under a fictitious name, and in utter seclusion. At length, wearied with constant restraint and loneliness, and buoying himself up with hopes of acquittal, he gave himself up. He was tried for murder, found guilty, and condemned; his last days were spent in a dungeon—and he died by the hands of the common executioner.

In the heart-yearnings after home, the health often gives way, fatal symptoms come on, and death ensues. This melancholy disease, known as the *mal du pays*, has been so common among the Swiss and Highland soldiers, as to favor the belief that its attacks were confined to the natives of mountainous districts; but it is an ascertained fact, that the disease has occurred among the conscripts in the French army, whose homes had been in towns. Mr. Dunlop mentions the case of a London pickpocket who was laboring under it at the hulks. Female servants who had left their rustic homes and occupations, to seek for service in Paris, have been found in the hospitals of that city laboring under the *mal du pays*. Sailors, during lengthened and unfortunate voyages, have suffered severely from the complaint. When homeward bound—at the very moment when their fondest hopes appeared realized—when just about to revisit home, and enjoy the long-desired meeting with friends—they were again pressed into the service, and carried far from home and all they loved—the disease has often in such cases resulted in calenture; a

kind of mania, under which the imagination pictures amidst the waves the green fields of home, the trees, the well-known paths—sometimes the cottage whose roof shelters all that is dearest—all appear within the dreamer's grasp, and, transported by the illusion, he casts himself among the billows. Among all the miseries of their lot, the poor negro slaves are peculiarly subject to the fatal heart-sickness: they have been frequently known to commit suicide, under the impression that, when freed by death from slavery, they would be transported to their early homes.

The *mal du pays* utterly baffles medical skill. Kindness has its salutary effect in keeping off the fatal disease, or in preventing its spreading, for it sometimes spreads like a contagious disorder. In regiments which are commanded by harsh and unfeeling officers, it has been known to prevail to a great extent. Medicine, instead of relieving, aggravates the symptoms. The only cure which ever was, or probably ever will be found for it, is the promise of a speedy return to home. The magical effect of this is known to those who have had an opportunity of watching the progress of the complaint: they have seen it revive those who were reduced to the last extremity. Zimmerman tells of a young student at Gottingen, who endured such anguish while separated from his home, that he fell into this disease, and became, as it was supposed, a confirmed hypochondriac. He was so thoroughly impressed with the idea, that if he moved he would break a blood-vessel, that no entreaties could prevail on him to stir. When told that arrangements had been made for his immediate return home, every bad symptom vanished, as if by magic: he instantly jumped up; he traversed the length and breadth of the town, to take leave of his friends. The most desperate cases, cured in like manner, are on record. There are, indeed, instances of the powerful effect of local impressions in every form of disease. There is not one which could be named, where the patient's life would not be endangered by removal, in which the physician, to give him a *last chance*, has not recommended his native air and scenery; and their efficacy has been often found all-powerful when every thing else has failed. There is scarcely a day of our lives when we might not be led to acknowledge the influence of local impressions as part of our very nature. The affection for home seems to have been beneficently inspired to shed a blessing on every lot: the most bleak and rugged home is as dear to its inmates as the finest landscapes are to those whose destiny places them among them. "Home is home, be it ever so homely," is a common adage that conveys a world of meaning, though it may be sometimes exemplified in a manner to make us smile. A servant, whom his master had taken over from Ireland to London, was asked what he thought of that marvelous city. "It is a fine town, to be sure," replied he, "but it's nothing to Skibbereen!"

Memorials are scattered here and there, which tell how the thoughts of a long-absent one have been in the home of his fathers. We were much interested by an account of a faithful servant, who was leaving the service of a cardinal in Rome that he might pass the remnant of his days in his native village. His master, wishing to give him some substantial proof of the estimation in which he held his long-trying fidelity, desired him to name any article in the palace which he would wish to take with him. The servant declared his choice: it was the picture of our Savior's removal from the cross, by Guido, at which he had often looked in the cardinal's gallery. It was what he would have—he would present it to the Church of his native village. The cardinal was somewhat confounded, but his promise was given, and he allowed the picture to be taken away by the servant; and in the little church of the remote village of Petit Bernaud, in a wild, secluded valley, this noble specimen of art by one of the first masters is to be found.—*Chambers's Journal*.

MONODY.

BY SILAS H. WRIGHT.

WHEN the brilliant hues of sunset
Sink upon their couch to rest,
And the solemn shades of twilight
Lie upon the mountain crest;
When the moon—fair child of evening—
And the little, twinkling stars
Mellow all the hills and hamlets
With a shower of golden bars;
I love to steal away, alone,
Upon some bank recline,
To think upon that dear, dear one
I loved in days "lang syne"—
To think upon the trysting place,
The troth-word spoken low,
The earnest look, the broken sigh
That made big tear-drops flow.
But pale in death those rosy lips,
And closed for aye that eye,
And tarnished is the beauteous cheek
Where mine own used to lie.
She faded when the autumn leaf
Came trembling from its spray;
Then faded all I loved on earth—
Then died my sweet, sweet May.
The wild flower blooms upon her grave,
I'll go and sit me there;
My heart is full enough to burst;
The thought I can not bear—
That 'neath the sod I kneel upon,
In silence and in shade,
My hope, my trust, my light, my life,
My very heart is laid.

A RIDE IN AN EXTRA TRAIN.

BY A SUFFERER.

AN extra train, in the language of railroad officials, signifies not so much a train of superfine or extra cars, as an extra supply of inferior freight or gravel ones. These are brought out and put into operation on occasions when people wish to go to conventions, state fairs, and the like, and when, in addition, there is a shallowness in one's pockets, preventing prompt travel on the regular trains at full price. Passengers, as every body knows, pay half price on an extra train; but this is enough, considering that, in general, they move rather tediously and lay up on all the switches for the passing of the regular trains, and are supplied with uncushioned, unplanned, and backless pine benches as seats. Thus much by way of explanation and introduction, and now for a bit of personal experience.

It was on the morning of Wednesday, the 21st day of September, 1853, that ourself, in company with a valued literary friend, started from the corner of Main and Eighth streets, Cincinnati, for the station-house of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton railway. The State Fair was on exhibition at Dayton, and being disposed to test the virtues of an extra train, we marched down with a heart full of comfort and joy to the aforesaid station-house or depot. Hundreds upon hundreds of people were there awaiting the arrival of nine o'clock, the hour for departure. In the train before our eyes were some two or three of the regular cars; the balance, consisting of a dozen or so, were the genuine oblong freight cars, without windows or sofa seats. Here there was a scene for contemplation, which was duly attended to by us; we began also subsequently to add to our contemplation that other valuable quality, consideration. At once the question sprang itself, Is there any chance for gentlemen getting into the regular cars? All gentlemen with ladies were admitted without hesitation; but for our humble self we reflected that our wife was at home, as likewise was our friend's. By an honest and well-managed effort we prevailed on the brakeman to let us in. In two minutes we were snugly seated, and presently the third bell tapped, the whistle shrieked, and we were off. The day, for the season of the year, was one of keen and bitter coldness, and we had on only a thin summer coat and a thinner pair of cotton socks. We sat and shivered, and yet tried to be comfortable; but all to little purpose. Our companion had the advantage of us in possessing a warm cloth coat and a new pair of woolen socks. Hence, with much of sobriety and composure he took from his pocket two daily papers, and read nearly all the time from Cincinnati to Dayton, a distance of sixty miles, and which was made by us in three hours and a half. Once in Dayton, we found ourselves surrounded by an ocean of human

beings. It seemed as if all Ohio had been sending up her sons and daughters to view the great Fair. Many and many a one upon whose forms our eyes rested had full pockets of sweet cakes and turn-over pies, and were, consequently, in no condition to starve. As to ourselves, we had the good fortune to be met by the Principal of the Dayton High School, who took us immediately to his residence, and had preparations made for our inner man. The long ride in the cars, and the keen winds and colds that had been playing on us, gave us an appetite to be appeased only by a full supply of food. And that supply was duly furnished us, and summarily dispatched.

Dinner over, we bent our steps toward the ticket-office of the Fair grounds, with our silver quarter ready to buy our ticket of admission; but, alas! like too many other folks, that day we went to bed a sadder and wiser man. The admittance was not twenty-five cents, but one dollar. Fumbling in our pockets for a piece of yellow pasteboard, we presented it to the entrance-keeper, saved our dollar, and walked triumphantly in. The grounds occupied twenty-seven acres; but as we could see nothing of special interest any where, we closed our observations before three o'clock, and, with our company, left the show, and commenced a tour of the city.

Becoming tired of our perambulations, we returned to our host's house, where we were greeted with an excellent fire and a sumptuous supper. How much we appreciated the former and what justice we did to the latter it is needless to say. It was near five o'clock, and the regular train was about starting for Cincinnati; but as our engagements were with the special train, we sat with all good order and quietness in our host's house, discussing, among many and sundry other things, the probable nature of our journey home. We were to start at half past five.

Putting on our hats, we strolled out to make a survey. The sky was dull and leaden-hued, and the sun was setting steadily toward the horizon. We buttoned up our coat, and walked briskly down to the station-house to make observations and inquiries. There stood in a magnificent curve some forty freight cars. A locomotive was attached to one end; and, from the movements of the railroad men, we came to the conclusion that this was the extra train for conveying us and some hundreds of others home. It was now past the hour for making objections, and the wind was every moment blowing colder, and the sun had hid himself quite from our view. Men, women, and children had packed themselves into the box-shaped cars before us, and we, gathering courage from their example, made a desperate leap, and got up and into one of the cars also.

It was now six o'clock, and our iron horse, as if conscious of his big load, made a most extraordinary and heroic plunge, and was off. We began to cast around somewhat. We had got into a car

almost vacant. There were six of the genuine rough pine benches, and just six of us as passengers—three of whom were half-grown boys. One of these boys was a cripple, and had his round-about pockets filled with lucifer matches and infamous cigars. He struck a light with one of his matches, lit the stump of a cigar, and, sitting in the western doorway, commenced puffing smoke into the air. Cold as it was, he seemed to enjoy his tobacco and his seat. We tried ourselves at patience and consolation. First we run a bench up against an end of our windowless prison, and stretched ourselves for rest, or, rather, a nap; but hardly had we got down ere the wind, prowling around like a famished wolf, stirred us up to self-exertion. Our companion and ourself renewed our pacing on the car floor, and one of us went so far as to say, that a fine riddle could be made of our walking backward and forward; namely, that we had walked all the way from Dayton to Cincinnati in three hours; but this was taking time by the forelock, for we were not at our journey's end, and did not, therefore, understand how many hours there would be in getting to it.

Pulling out his watch, our friend managed to discover that it was just seven o'clock, and that we had come to a dead halt—seven miles in one hour, and that, too, by railway! We felt a little like getting vexed; but it was now quite dark and cold, and there was in all probability *much* of a rich nature before us. We applied ourselves to all sorts of expedients for comfort, told anecdotes, talked of trigonometry, and the old times in college; but to a sad lack all the while of edification and enjoyment.

Presently our bell rang, and the extra train made a desperate motion forward. We pushed ahead with great zeal; but by the time five miles more were passed we came to a second halt on a switch or side track. We looked out of our side doors to see if we could see the cause of stopping; but it was a look through pitch darkness, and we gave the experiment up. The collector, coming along with a big lantern to collect our tickets, told us we had to "lay up" for the evening express train.

Another season for reflection. Our feet were numb and cold, our fingers the same, our teeth chattering, and our mind was far away at our home. There mayhap was comfort—a good fire, insooth, and an anxious wife, to whom we could send no word by telegraph of our coming in the extra train. Here where we stood was cold and darkness. Our crippled boy had put up his matches and twists of tobacco, and was huddled up in a corner of the car, trying to catch a snatch of sleep. Another one of our group was close beside him seeking the same exquisite enjoyment. Suddenly, however, the up express came thundering by, and we steamed up for the south. Our horse showed himself mettlesome for a few miles, and by half past nine o'clock we had reached Hamilton, a distance of thirty-four miles from Dayton. We began

congratulating ourselves. True, we *ought* to have been in Cincinnati at eight o'clock, according to even the slow gait of the freight trains; but then we were *not* there, and it was no use to mourn.

Discharging a considerable amount of our load at Hamilton, we made another brisk start, and my companion in travel told us we would certainly get to Cincinnati in an hour; that is, by half past ten. Alas, for human calculations! Our start, though vigorous, soon dwindled into a slow and steady motion, and presently into a dead halt.

Once more on a side track! We made a leap from the car door, and went in search of an explanation. We thought, at first, from the hoarse coughing of our locomotive, that its lungs had given out, and that we must have another to supply its place; but we had surmised wrongly. A brakeman hard by informed us that we were merely waiting for the lightning express from the north. More comfort this, soliloquized we. Then it was nearly ten o'clock—our wife alone at home waiting our return, and conjuring up may be a thousand imaginings about our fate. We asked our friend to go with us to the Hamilton station, a few hundred yards back, and take the express for home, as nobody could tell what would become of, or when the extra train would see the end of its journey. He declined, but urged us to hurry home ourself on the regular train. So back we trudged to the station-house.

It was full ten o'clock. We paced back and forth on the track; for the wind had sprung a stiff north-west breeze, and we must do something to keep up a lively circulation or chill and freeze. We listened and we watched, and we watched and we listened, but not a sound of the coming express could we catch. We walked a long distance up the track, and held our hand close to our heart, and listened again. Surely that faint, far sound, thought we, must be the locomotive's whistle. We paused, and, holding our breath, with mouth and ears intent, tried to hear that sound again. But it was only the wind shrieking in the forest-trees, and we returned to the station, musing on the long, long time that might intervene before our arrival home. Questioning one of the depot officials, we gathered the rather unwelcome news that the express was nearly an hour behind time, nor could any one tell when it would come along.

We composed ourselves for the trial. We thumped our feet on the floor, and tried to recover something of a circulation in our toes; but our thin cotton socks and the keen, cold night air were unequal combatants, and we sprung up and made another perambulation along the track. Again we listened. A sound was feebly audible. We listened again: its echoes were dying in faintness on the air. We paused to catch a louder swell. But, no, it had ceased wholly. We sat down behind a wood-house close at hand to screen ourself from the north-west wind, and listened yet again. The sound had died. No echo could be caught. We

sat shivering, and tried hard to meditate. But meditation would not come. We rose to our feet. We walked again toward the station-house. Reaching there we stopped to listen. Another sound came booming on the air. Louder and fuller it was than that before. It was the whistle of the express locomotive, and was answered by the locomotive of the extra train. Our heart bounded, and the thoughts of speedily reaching home drove away all sorrow, and filled our soul with excellent cheer. The rolling thunder of the express wheels, and the louder and shriller whistle, now came borne along by the wind. Presently the glaring eye of fire, directing the path of the iron courser, greeted our sight, and in two minutes more the train was at the depot. Not an instant was to be lost. We jumped aboard, the bell rang, the whistle screamed, and the express hurried southward, leaving the extra on the side track, to try its amazing skill for the first time after we should be gone. It was but twenty-five miles to Cincinnati, and the express, making no stoppages whatever, brought us by half past eleven safely into the Sixth-street station-house. An hour more and the omnibus managed to carry us home.

But where was the extra train? Curious to know its ultimate success, we early next morning called on our friend to make suitable inquiries after it and his health. We gathered that the train made noble time from Hamilton to Glendale—a distance of ten miles—and every heart felt glad to know that, in all probability, by twelve o'clock at least all would be over, and each one would be free from cold and anxiety, safely housed at home. But disappointment lurks in many a prize, and stings us with success when least we dread that sting. After a tedious stopping, the train proceeded on, but had made probably only four miles when it was ascertained that part of the cars had been left somewhere behind. Where that *somewhere* was nobody knew, but the strong presumption was that some fellow, full of mischief, had unhitched certain rear cars at Glendale. In backing to Glendale great caution was necessary. At length the station was reached, and there, sure enough, were four cars, but all of them were empty. The occupants thereof, considering their return that night to Cincinnati a hopeless case, had taken to the woods, and, by the aid of matches, brush, and well-seasoned fence-rails, had produced an elegant fire for the comfort of their benumbed limbs. Welcoming, however, the return of the beloved extra, they once more embarked, and, after sundry stoppages, the Cincinnati station was reached.

It was now two o'clock at night; but by three o'clock the passengers had all disappeared, and had gained, so far as we could gather, their chambers and their beds. In closing his remarks to us, our friend gave the assurance that, as he had enjoyed over eight hours of railroad riding for only seventy-five cents, and had made in this time also the enormous distance of fifty-nine miles, he

should wait at least three years before he went to see another State Fair; and that if by that time he *must* go, he would pay at least six prices in the regular train rather than go on a special one. And so thinking we bade each other, as we do now with you, gentle reader, a kind farewell.

INDIAN SUMMER.

BY WILLIAM HORATIO BARNES

THE days of Autumn have been here,
With beauties new and strange;
And where her golden footsteps were
There came a wondrous change.
She turned the beauties of the spring
To gorgeous red and gold;
And when they died the plaintive wind
A funeral anthem told.
The winds of Autumn stripped the trees,
And left them brown and sear;
United households on the hearth,
And brought the fireside cheer.
We thought that Winter sure had come,
To spread his robe of white
O'er grove and meadow, field and lane,
And streamlet clear and bright.
But, no! There is another change
Which to the heart appears
Like childhood's glad-returning smile
After the flight of years.
The sky is clear; the sun looks forth,
With glad and golden ray,
Upon the pleasant country home
And forests far away.
The sunbeams are not as they were
In fierce and hot July,
When reapers toiled beneath the heat
In meadows parched and dry.
A coolness cometh to the brow
Upon the sunny air;
It seems the very breeze that played
In childhood's golden hair.
O, how we love this happy time
Of lingering sunny days!
O, how it thrills the bounding heart
With gratitude and praise!
It tells the soul that when the cares
Of earthly life are past,
There comes a day which endeth not,
More joyous than the last.
The joys of heaven! methinks the soul
At such a time as this
Would gladly wing its mystic flight
To fields of endless bliss.
How blessed, when the earth is bright
With this calm summer-time,
To go and range the groves of Joy
In Heaven's serener clime!

NINEVEH.

BY G. F. DIMOSWAY.

"Woe to the bloody city! It is all full of lies and robbery. . . . Behold I am against thee, saith the Lord of hosts. . . . And it shall come to pass, that all they that look upon thee shall flee from thee, and say, Nineveh is laid waste: who will bemoan her? whence shall I seek comforters for thee?"—NAHUM.

The recent researches of Mr. Layard, that learned traveler and antiquarian, into NINEVEH have furnished new and incontestable evidences of the truth of the holy Scriptures and their prophecies. He has dug into the earth, and, uncovering this most ancient city, revealed to the world her beautiful palaces, sculptures, and monuments, which have been hidden and buried from the gaze of man for twenty long centuries.

Many of these remains have been conveyed to England—curious bas-reliefs, with cuneiform inscriptions; vases; a gigantic obelisk; fragments of bronze, brass, and ivory, with numerous rare specimens of Assyrian art. Engravings have also been found upon brass and marble, which correspond with the facts and descriptions of the BIBLE.

Mr. Layard has contributed largely to the cause of Biblical knowledge by his most remarkable discoveries; and the speaking stones of Nineveh, so long silent, now clearly explain and illustrate many portions of the sacred writings. In this respect the Assyrian researches have an importance and significance beyond any others of modern times.

Nineveh was the metropolis of the great Assyrian empire, which received its name from Ashur, the son of Shem, and the founder of this city. It is supposed to have been established about the same time with Babylon, and not long after the confusion of tongues at Babel. Very little is known of their early history. In Genesis we learn that Ashur went forth from the land of Shinar, and built Nineveh; but we hear nothing more of the city till the time of the missionary Jonah, who was sent to predict its overthrow. The prophet describes it as an exceedingly great city; and its population has been estimated at six hundred thousand souls.

Profane historians state that the walls of Nineveh were one hundred feet high, sixty miles in circumference, and defended by fifteen hundred towers, each two hundred feet high. Its idolatry and wickedness must have been very great. Jonah was commanded of the Lord to "go to Nineveh, and cry against it, for their wickedness is come up before me." The Ninevites repented at his preaching, and were spared for a while; but Nahum, a short time afterward, declared "the burden of Nineveh," and announced the destruction of the place, with the downfall of the Assyrian empire. This prophet describes it as a city with many strongholds and gates with bars; her merchants as multiplied above the stars of the heavens; her in-

habitants and princes numerous as the locusts. Zephaniah says, "This is the rejoicing city, that dwelt carelessly, that said in her heart, I am, and there is none beside me: how is she become a desolation, a place for beasts to lie down in!"

Tobit was dwelling there among the captives, and perceiving his end approaching, he foretold his children the sudden destruction of the Assyrian capital. "The ruin of Nineveh is at hand," said the good old man; "abide no longer here, for I perceive the wickedness of the city will occasion its destruction." Wicked cities should ever fear the punishments of Heaven.

Sennacherib, King of the Assyrians, wrote a letter to the prophet Hezekiah, which was full of blasphemy against the God of Israel, boasting that he would even overturn the throne of the Almighty. He besieged Jerusalem, and at the moment when the holy city seemed inevitably lost the destroying angel came. In a single night one hundred and eighty-five thousand men perished by his awful and avenging sword. The proud, impious, and bold Assyrian returned to his own country in shame and confusion, surviving his defeat only a few months. To use the language of prophecy, God "put a ring into his nose, and a bit into his mouth, as if he were a wild beast;" and he was killed by his two eldest sons in the temple, before his god Nisroch.

All the solemn predictions against Nineveh were literally fulfilled by her destruction in the year 606 before Christ. Unrighteousness was the cause of her downfall. The combined armies of Cyaxares, King of the Medes, and Nabopolassar, who was either King of Babylon, or, as Mr. Layard thinks, the Assyrian governor of that city, were the instruments to destroy the mighty city A. M. 3378. "*She was made a desolation, and dry like a wilderness.*" Lucian, who flourished in the second century, between A. D. 90 and 180, informs us that not a vestige of Nineveh remained, and no one could ever point out the place which it occupied.

For quite eighteen centuries past Nineveh was known only by name; its very ruins having disappeared, and a few large mounds, clothed with vegetation, alone marked the desolate spot. Egypt has monuments ancient and wonderful, but they have been explored and described; Herculaneum and Pompeii have been entered and described amidst the lava and ashes of ages; but is it not strange that scarcely any inquiry was made after the buried palaces of Nineveh and Babylon?

Huge mounds of earth and rubbish had, we know, long attracted the notice of travelers in Assyria and Babylonia, but were passed by without examination, till the modern visits of those persevering and accomplished antiquarians, Belzoni and Layard. In 1840 the latter made his first journey to the extensive ruins on the left bank of the Tigris, and began to disinter their wonderful and secret antiquities. These had now been buried twenty-five hundred years. Since then Mr.

Layard has several times visited Mosul for the same object.

The result of those researches has been the discovery of several large palaces and other edifices, sculptures, bas-reliefs, having many inscriptions in the *cuneiform*, or arrow-headed character. Among the bas-reliefs are representations of war chariots and richly caparisoned horses; the siege of a walled city—some of the warriors discharging arrows and stones from the turrets, while others are ascending a ladder placed against its walls. Two human figures were discovered entire, and with the freshness of a recent work. They were back to back, with wings, and the paint could be plainly seen about their hair, eyes, beard, etc.

Upon one occasion when Mr. Layard was returning in the morning to his work, two Arabs mounted approached him at full speed. "Hasten, O Bey," they cried, "to the diggers, for they have found Nimrod himself." When he reached the ruins the Arabs withdrew a screen they had hastily constructed, "and disclosed an enormous human head, sculptured in full out of the alabaster of the country." The remainder of the figure lay still buried in the earth, and Mr. Layard saw at once that the head belonged to a winged lion or bull. It was in admirable preservation, and the expression calm yet majestic.

This strange and gigantic head, blanched with age, and rising, as it were, from its silent tomb, we can well imagine became an object of terror to the superstitious Arabs. One of them, at the first glimpse of the monster, threw down his basket, and ran off to Mosul as fast as his legs could carry him. Every one, when he heard the wonderful news, immediately left his tent, and, mounting steed, rode to the mound; and when they beheld the head, they all exclaimed together, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet!"

The sheik exclaimed, "This is not the work of men's hands, but of those infidel giants of whom the Prophet—peace be with him!—has said, that they were higher than the tallest date-tree. This is one of the idols which Noah—peace be with him!—cursed before the flood." Nimrod was declared by the Arabs to have appeared, and Mosul was thrown into confusion by the intelligence.

Continuing the excavations, a second pair of winged, human-headed lions were discovered and secured, about twelve feet long and high. They were perfect and magnificent specimens of Assyrian art, with cuneiform inscriptions, and not a character wanted, as they covered the slab upon which the figure stood.

"For twenty-five centuries," says Mr. Layard, speaking of these sculptures, "they may have been hidden from the eye of man, and they now stood forth once more in their ancient majesty. But how changed was the scene around them! The luxury and civilization of a mighty nation had given place to the wretchedness and ignorance of a few half-barbarous tribes. The wealth of temples and the

riches of great cities had been succeeded by ruins and shapeless heaps of earth. Above the spacious hall in which they stood the plow had passed, and the corn now waved." What living witnesses are these, rising from the grave of past ages in our day, to the Bible truths, that once "*the Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon, with fair branches, and with a shadowing shroud of high stature; and his top was among thick boughs. . . . All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young, and under his shadow dwelt all great nations!*" But now is Nineveh a desolation, and dry like a wilderness, and flocks lie down in the midst of her! All the beasts of the nations, both the cormorant and the bittern, lodge in the upper lintels of it; their voice sings in the windows, and desolation is in the thresholds.

Many of these valuable remains were packed in cases, floated down the Tigris to Bagdad, thence carried to Bombay, and shipped for England. Among these rare Assyrian curiosities is an obelisk of black marble, about seven feet high; flat on its top. Twenty small reliefs ornament its four sides; and between them is an inscription of two hundred and ten lines, and not a single character wanting. It was found in the center of a mound, and Mr. Layard conjectures that the monument was made to commemorate the conquest of India, or some other country far east of Assyria.

In the same mound a tomb was excavated, five feet long and eighteen inches broad, built of brick, and covered with an alabaster slab. The skull and large bones of the skeleton were entire, and in the surrounding dust were parts of a necklace, beads of opaque-colored glass, agate, cornelian, and amethyst. Many other tombs were opened, and contained vases, mirrors, spears, and beads; and having removed their contents, *the remains of a building were discovered five feet beneath them.*

These discoveries from ancient Nineveh will be contemplated with the most profound interest by the scholar and the antiquarian; while the pious mind will study them with delight, and ponder over the numerous and new confirmations of the history and statements contained in the Old Testament Scriptures.

This accomplished traveler has since learned to translate the cuneiform characters. Colonel Rawlinson and Dr. Hincks, both able scholars in the same mysterious language, attest the correctness of his interpretation. When Mr. Layard, in 1849, published the account of his first Assyrian researches, the monuments were comparatively few, and their inscriptions could not be deciphered. Now the sculptured history can be perfectly read, and we know, from its records, who built the palace at Nimroud, the most ancient yet discovered in Assyria. From these old records it is ascertained, that the son of this King erected the obelisk now in the British Museum, and upon which were written the principal events of his reign.

Here, too, names are inscribed corresponding to those found in the Old Testament. Strange and fortunate coincidence! The building of the palace at Khorsabad is proved to be the Sargon of the royal prophet Isaiah; and the ruins of his regal abode, now exposed to the light in our day, contain the most complete details of his reign. The son of Sargon was Sennacherib, who ascended the throne 703 years before Christ; and the monuments of Nineveh corroborate history in describing this monarch as an eastern despot, "having complete power over the lives and property of his subjects; rather adored as a god than feared as a man."

Standing one day on a distant part of the mound, Mr. Layard informs us that he smelt the fragrance of burning cedar. His Arab workmen had dug up a beam, and made a fire of it to warm themselves. Some of the inscriptions spoke of cedars from the forests of Lebanon to build the palace by the great king who erected it. Here, after three thousand years, the precious wood retained its original sweet perfume.

When Champollion, a generation ago, announced that he had deciphered the Egyptian hieroglyphics, the learned world listened with profound amazement. Almost as great is the astonishment at the success of Colonel Rawlinson, Layard, and others in reading the cuneiform inscriptions of the ancient Assyrians. Such human ingenuity seems almost incredible. Still this science is only in its infancy. Sufficient has, however, been discovered to throw great light upon Hebrew events, as recorded in the prophetic writings of the Scriptures especially, and strikingly to confirm them. The future results of these studies will be looked for by all Christian nations with the utmost interest.

TRAGIC SCENES OF THE CASTLE OF BLOIS.

BLOIS, situated ninety miles from Paris, upon the banks of the Loire, is remarkable alike for the beauty of its situation, its antiquities, its monuments, and the historical events of which it has been the theater. At one end of the city, upon an elevation, stands the frowning and gloomy old castle. At the other extremity is the cathedral. It is an immense pile of architecture, built at different epochs along the track of time. The castle for ages was the abode of kings and princes. Here they were born. Here they lived in feudal times in safety within its strong and massive walls. Here they were married, and here they died. Here Marie de Medicis was imprisoned. Here Louis XII was born, and Margaret of Valois married to Henry IV. Here that archfiend and female Nero, Catharine de Medicis, lived, contrived and executed her bloody plots of assassination and murder, and here she died and "went to her own place."

A fine Gothic portal, on the eastern side, conducts through a strong and massive archway into

the court or square of the castle. This court is spacious enough for a regiment of armed men to muster in. The castle is built on the four sides of this court. Three sides are now occupied with the armed legions of imperial France. In the north wing of the castle, overlooking the city, are the royal apartments. Here are the still gorgeous chambers of Catharine de Medicis. Her cabinet, her drawing-rooms, her library, her bedroom, and other private apartments are still beautiful and magnificent. The walls and rich porcelain floors indicate the taste and luxury of that by-gone age. But those rooms are silent, solitary, and lonely, as the chambers of death. They echo only to the footsteps of the stranger and keeper.

We went up the antique, but still magnificent staircase of stone, rich and beautiful in ornament. Some of the most exquisite chiselings in stone are the Salamanders of Francis I. This winding staircase conducts into the Council Chamber and halls of state above. In the royal rooms adjoining was consummated the bloody tragedy of the Duc de Guise, on December 23, 1588, and on the following day the Cardinal, his brother, was assassinated by order of Henry III. The former deed was done almost in his presence. It was done in his bedroom, while the King listened in his library to the drama of blood. The whole scene and its minute particulars are pointed out with such life-like description as if the tragedy had been enacted but a week before. The plot had all been contrived and arranged by Catharine de Medicis and King Henry. The Guises had all been allured from Paris to attend a Council of state. Forty-five assassins, gentlemen in waiting, had been engaged as actors in the tragedy. We went into the cabinet of King Henry, where he distributed with his own hand the forty-five daggers to these royal inmate murderers. We went up and down the private stairs leading to the upper room, where the assassins were concealed till the fatal moment arrived. We went into the Council Chamber, and stood before the fireplace where the Duc de Guise stood warming himself, and eating prunes, when the King sent for him to his cabinet. We went into the private room of Catharine de Medicis, where she sat waiting and watching behind the scenes, and listening till the foul tragedy should be finished. We went into the oratoire or chapel of Catharine, where two Romish priests were saying prayers, that King Henry might be pardoned for the bloody deed he was about committing. When all was in readiness the King sent for the Duc to come to his cabinet. When the Duc pushed aside the rich red damask curtains which were suspended over the arched entrance to the King's apartments, he suddenly met the assassins who waited behind for his approach. The Duc in the struggle with his assassins rushed into the open bed-chamber of the King, pierced with forty daggers, and fell bleeding and dying in front and beside the King's bed. The position of the actors, and the whole process

of the tragedy, is minutely and vividly described. The body of the Duc was left dead in the bedroom for two hours. The King then opened the door of his cabinet adjoining, and came out and kicked with his foot the bleeding body of his fallen and murdered foe—his rival—the once mighty Henri le Balafre. He then ordered the body to be burned, and the ashes to be thrown into the river. It is no wonder that this royal murderer should have been horribly agitated by the terrors of a guilty conscience on his death-bed. He was tortured by the bitter recollection of his crimes and deeds of blood. Thirteen days after this tragedy of the Guises, Catharine de Medicis herself died in her own apartment near the scene of murder. Thus ended the guilty and terrible career on earth of Catharine de Medicis. She was the prime instigator and moving spirit in the bloody and memorable drama of St. Bartholomew's day, when seventy thousand Protestant Huguenots of France fell the victims of Roman Catholic bigotry, fanaticism, and hate. It is her character and history and dark doings which impart such an impressive and almost fearful interest to the scenes and apartments in the old castle of Blois. We have wandered over the battle-ground of Waterloo and many other European battle-fields, where thousands fell in the wars of Napoleon, with far less vividness of impression than the murder-scene in the tragedy of the Guises.

Near by the royal apartments in the castle of Blois, we were shown the circular prison. It was about twelve feet in diameter. The walls were about five feet in thickness, and impregnable to all efforts to escape. We went into it and examined it. It is situated high up in the castle. From the floor of the prison to the deep vault below the foundations of the castle, is two hundred feet, as our intelligent friend informed us. In the center of this prison was contrived originally a secret circular trap-door, held by an elastic spring. There were two other similar trap-doors in the two stories next below. This was a sort of royal private prison in which to confine persons of distinction, noble malcontents, or influential personages, who were suspected of disaffection to the state or king. If it was deemed advisable to put such persons out of the way, and have no questions asked or inquiries made, the fastenings of the secret trap-door were removed, so that the spring would yield to the slightest pressure. When the unsuspecting victim, unconscious of the contrivance, in moving about his circular prison, trod unwittingly upon that fatal central spot, the secret trap-door yielded to the pressure, and down—down went the prisoner through successive trap-doors two hundred feet, into the deep vault below the castle foundations. When the unhappy victim had fallen a hundred feet or more in agonized terror and alarm, and with the force of increased and increasing velocity, he came in contact with machinery armed with strong, sharp knives and in-

struments, which instantly cut and carved, dis-severed and disjoined the body limb from limb. The vital cord was sundered in a moment. Life had departed. The bleeding and mangled remains lay quivering in this deep, dark, and terrible grave. It was all the fearful work of a moment. There was no executioner. There were no spectators. There were no forms—no ceremonies—no priest—no prayer of preparation for the awful exit. The prisoner dreamed not of the note of preparation for a doom so dreadful. No warning. No summons. No intimation of his sudden exit to eternity. No friend knew it. No eye but God's saw it. One moment he was musing perhaps, in deep, sad thought, of home—of wife—of children—of friends—of much-loved ones; the next moment he felt himself and found himself falling in deep darkness. A moment more, and he was in the world of spirits. The frail tenement thus vacated of its celestial inhabitant, was soon and easily dissolved, and all vestige of bone or muscle annihilated, by the action of quicklime thrown upon it in the vault below. We stood upon the place of this trap-door, indeed, while making the inquiries and memoranda about its fearful history. The whole portraiture of the scene was engraved deep and lasting upon our mortal memory. We stood upon the spot for the purpose, while the invisible engraver traced the indelible lines. It was safe to stand upon the place. It was well secured. Our impressions of this historic scene are deep enough without an actual descent to deepen them. The mind recoils at the thought. It is difficult to believe that such a fearful fate has fallen upon men or women. And yet here is the castle, and the prison, and the place contrived for the purpose. Dead men tell no tales. But the recording angel has written down the minutest particulars of its history. They are deposited in the archives of heaven's chancery. They will be forthcoming at the judgment. How many victims, Protestant or Huguenot, passed this way to eternity and to heaven, by the hands of Catharine de Medicis and her bigoted compeers, the revelations of the final day can alone disclose. This is a dark portrait of fallen humanity. Those who affect to believe in the native goodness and perfect ability of human nature without grace, may here find a topic for sad and deep reflection. These terrible portraits of human cruelty are hung along the walls of Papal and Inquisitorial history for a thousand years.

SAFE REASONING.

"If you are not afraid of God, I am afraid of you," said a stranger, as he passed a counting-room on the Sabbath, and saw it open. The next day he refused to sell his produce to the Sabbath-breaker on any credit. He acted wisely. In three months the Sabbath-breaker was, in the full sense, a bankrupt.

THE SOUL'S LONGINGS.

BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

Is it were mine to summon from the Past—
 That gaping charnel-house which ne'er is full—
 The one, among delights there dungeoned fast,
 That might this heart to tranquil rapture lull,
 What shape of joy, what form of fond desire,
 Would I recall to time to fan life's sinking fire?
 Of all the transports that have rocked my soul,
 Of all emotions that have filled my heart,
 Of swooning raptures that have gently stole
 Where fiercer flames have been afraid to dart,
 Which ecstasy of youth forever fled,
 In its exultant form, would I call from the dead?
 Not friendships, which were honey in their bloom,
 And bitter wormwood in their swift decay;
 Nor love's more gorgeous flowers, whose early doom
 Made life a thorny and imbittered way:
 Not these, not these! would I in anguish crave,
 To gild the path that slopes still downward to the grave.

Nor petty triumphs of the dizzy hours,
 When young Ambition dared the steepes of Fame,
 To learn that serpents coil in Eden bowers—
 That naught is emptier than a sounding name!
 Howe'er they dazzled then, their memory now
 Wakes but a pitying smile for tinsel's tarnish'd show.
 But give me joys which were so deeply mine,
 When God first spake, "Let there be light within!"
 The quickening essence of that love divine,
 Which proved yet pardoned all the fatal sin—
 Give back this foretaste of the heaven to be,
 And keep, O, dungeoned Past! all other gifts for me!

THE BIRTH OF LOVE.

BY H. H. POWERS.

The dainty dawn of the morning fell,
 With its rosy glow and dewy spell,
 Where a delicate nymph, with zone unbound,
 Was dressing the flowers that blossomed round.
 As she lifted a tress of lilies white,
 On the blooms unknown, there blessed her sight
 The innocent face and the waxen form
 Of a child in his early beauty warm.
 He could not speak, but his looks told more
 To her happy thought than she knew before;
 And his fragrant breath and low-breathed sighs
 Charmed a strange, sweet world to her sinless eyes.
 His mystery there she did not seek
 In the quickened life that flushed her cheek;
 And his beautiful being, her own to bless,
 Made her pleasure pain in its first excess.
 She soothed him with many a golden strain,
 That till now, in her bosom, had voiceless lain,

And nursed him with words so tender and deep,
 He murmured them back in her visioned sleep.
 And he learned all pleasant ways and wiles—
 The richest tones and sunniest smiles,
 The kindest touch and the ready kiss,
 And the upturned glance that told his bliss.
 Day after day did his beauty grow
 In calmer strength and ruddier glow;
 And the generous spirit that lit his face
 Through each slight deed breathed winning grace.
 Morn after morn did he wake to teach
 High truths and trusts with tenderer speech,
 Till he told, in accents silvery sweet,
 Of the radiant spheres where the blessed meet.

LINES.

INSCRIBED TO MY MOTHER.

BY J. D. BELL.

METHINKS I'm talking with thee, mother, and, though
 far away,
 Thine own sweet gushing voice seems thrilling
 through my heart to-day;
 I hear thy footstep's silvery echo floating on the air,
 And trace thine angel form, in fancy, beaming
 every-where.
 Upon my soul how glows the impress of thy cease-
 less care!
 Deep have thy years of love and kindness left their
 record there.
 Thy gentle words, thy tender wishes—these can
 never die:
 Like diamonds in the earth's warm bosom, in my
 heart they lie
 Thy love hath scattered radiant jewels all along
 my way,
 And brought my wayward spirit under beauty's
 genial sway.
 If in my heart one pure thought buddeth, thou
 didst plant the seed;
 I owe to thine own bright example every holy deed.
 How many times I've grieved thee, mother, memory
 will not tell;
 But that I've often spoken harshly—this I know
 too well.
 O, wilt thou now in love forgive me! all within me
 cries,
 And tears of deep and true repentance burn my
 weeping eyes.
 The weight of years is on thee pressing; soon thou
 wilt depart;
 O, let me catch once more the throbbing of thy
 saintly heart!
 I bless thee that thy angel-presence still infolds
 me here!
 Forgive me, ere thy spirit plumest for the heavenly
 sphere.

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

ON THE TENDERNESS OF JESUS—A MEDITATION.—“*He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young.*”—*Isaiah xi, 11.*

How soothing, in the hour of sorrow, or bereavement, or death, to have the countenance and sympathy of a tender earthly friend! My soul! these words tell thee of one nearer, dearer, tenderer still—the Friend that never fails—a tender God! By how many endearing epithets does Jesus exhibit the tenderness of his affection to his people! Does a father exercise fondest solicitude toward his children? “I will be a Father unto you!” Does a mother’s love exceed all other earthly types of affectionate tenderness? “As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you!” Is the apple of the eye the most susceptible part of the most delicate bodily organ? “He keeps them as the apple of his eye!”

“He will not break the bruised reed!” When the “Shepherd and Bishop of Souls” finds the sinner like a lost sheep, stumbling on the dark mountains, how tenderly he deals with him! There is no look of wrath, no word of upbraiding—in silent love “he lays him on his shoulders rejoicing!”

When Peter falls, he does not unnecessarily wound him. He might have repeated often and again the piercing look which brought the flood of penitential sorrow. But the Savior gave that look only once; and if he reminds him again of his threefold denial, it is by thrice repeating the gentlest of questions, “Lovest thou me?”

My soul! art thou mourning over the weakness of thy faith, the coldness of thy love, thy manifold spiritual declensions? Fear not! He knows thy frame—he will give feeble faith tender dealing—he will “carry” in his arms those that are unable to walk, and will conduct the burdened ones through a path less rough and rugged than others. When “the lion” or “the bear” comes, thou mayest trust the true David, the tenderest of shepherds! Art thou suffering from outward trial? Confide in the tenderness of thy God’s dealings with thee. The strokes of his rod are gentle strokes—the needed discipline of a father yearning over his children the very moment he is chastising them! The gentlest earthly parent may speak a harsh word at times—it may be needlessly harsh. But not so God. “He may seem, like Joseph to his brethren, to speak roughly; but all the while there is love in his heart!” The pruning-hook will not be used unnecessarily. It will never cut too deeply. The furnace will not burn more fiercely than is absolutely required. A tender God is seated by it, tempering the fury of its flames.

And what, believer, is the secret of all this tenderness? “*There is a man upon the throne!*” Jesus, the God-Man Mediator; combining, with all the might of Godhead, all the tenderness of spotless humanity. Is thy heart crushed with sorrow? So was his! Are thine eyes dimmed with tears? So were his! “Jesus wept!” Bethany’s “Chief Mourner” still wears the Brother’s

heart in glory. Others may be unable to enter into the depths of thy trial. He can—he does!

With such a “tender God” caring for me, providing for me, watching my path by day, and guarding my couch by night, “*I will both lay me down and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety.*”—*Wesley Banner.*

THE BENEDICTION AND THE TRINITY.—“*The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all. Amen.*”—*2 Cor. xiii, 14.*

In regard to this closing verse of the epistle, we may make the following remarks: 1. It is a *prayer*; and if it is a prayer addressed to God, it is no less so to the Lord Jesus and to the Holy Spirit. If so, it is right to offer worship to the Lord Jesus, and to the Holy Spirit. 2. There is a distinction in the Divine nature; or there is the distinction of what is usually termed three persons in the Godhead. If not, why are they mentioned in this manner? If the Lord Jesus is not Divine, and equal with the Father, why is he mentioned in this connection? How strange it would be for Paul, an inspired man, to pray in the same breath, “The grace of man or an angel,” and “the love of God” be with you! And if the “Holy Spirit” be merely an *influence* of God, or an *attribute* of God, how strange to pray that the “love of God,” and the participation or fellowship of an “influence of God,” or an “attribute of God” might be with them! 3. The Holy Spirit has a *person*, or has a distinct personality. He is not an attribute of God, nor a mere Divine influence. How could prayer be addressed to an *attribute* or an *influence*? But here nothing can be plainer than that there were favors which the Holy Ghost, as an intelligent and conscious agent, was expected to bestow. And nothing can be plainer than that they were favors in some sense *distinct* from those which were conferred by the Lord Jesus, and by the Father. Here is a *distinction* of some kind, as *real* as that between the Lord Jesus and the Father; here are favors expected from him distinct from those conferred by the Father and the Son; and there is, therefore, here all the proof that there could be, that there is in some respects a distinction between the persons here referred to, and that the Holy Spirit is an intelligent, conscious agent. 4. The Lord Jesus is not *inferior* to the Father; that is, he has an equality with God. If he were not equal, how could he be mentioned, as he here is, as bestowing favors like God, and, especially, why is he mentioned *first*? Would Paul, in invoking blessings, mention the name of a mere man or an angel before that of the eternal God? 5. The passage, therefore, furnishes a proof of the doctrine of the Trinity that has not yet been answered, and, it is believed, can not be. On the supposition that there are three persons in the adorable Trinity, united in essence, and yet distinct in some respects, all is plain and clear. But on the supposition that the Lord Jesus is a mere man, an angel, or an archangel, and that the Holy Spirit is an attribute, or an influence from God, how unintelligible, confused, strange does all become!

That Paul, in the solemn close of the epistle, should at the same time invoke blessings from a mere creature, and from God, and from an *attribute*, surpasses belief. But that he should invoke blessings from him who is equal with the Father, and from the Father himself, and from the sacred Spirit, sustaining the same rank, and in like manner imparting important blessings, is in accordance with all that we should expect, and makes all harmonious and appropriate. 6. Nothing could be a more proper close of the epistle; nothing is a more appropriate close to public worship than such an invocation. It is a prayer to the ever-blessed God, that all the rich influences which he gives as Father, Son, and Holy Ghost may be imparted; that all the benefits which God confers in the interesting relations in which he makes himself known to us may descend and bless us. What more appropriate prayer can be offered at the close of public worship? How seriously should it be pronounced as a congregation is about to separate, perhaps to come together no more! With what solemnity should all join in it, and how devoutly should all pray, as they thus separate, that these rich and inestimable blessings may rest upon them! With hearts uplifted to God, it should be pronounced and heard; and every worshiper should leave the sanctuary deeply feeling that what he most needs as he leaves the place of public worship—as he travels on the journey of life, as he engages in its duties or meets its trials, as he looks at the grave and eternity—is the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the blessings which the Holy Spirit imparts in renewing, and sanctifying, and comforting his people."—*Revised from Barnes's Notes.*

ON ENDURING HARDNESS.—"Thou, therefore, endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 Tim. ii, 3.

Such hardships as a soldier is called to endure. The apostle supposes that a minister of the Gospel might be called to endure hardships, and that it is reasonable that he should be as ready to do it as a soldier is. Taken from their homes and friends, exposed to cold, or heat, or storms, or fatiguing marches, sustained on coarse fare, or almost destitute of food, soldiers are often compelled to endure as much as the human frame can bear; and often, indeed, sink under their burdens, and die. If, for reward, or their country's sake, they are willing to do this, the soldier of the cross should be willing to do it for his Savior's sake, and for the good of the human race. Hence, let no man seek the office of the ministry as a place of ease. Let no one come in to it merely to enjoy himself. Let no one enter it who is not prepared to lead a soldier's life, and to welcome hardship and trial as his portion. He would make a bad soldier who, at his enlistment, should make it a condition that he should be permitted to sleep on a bed of down, and always be well clothed and fed, and never exposed to peril, or compelled to pursue a wearisome march. Yet do not some men enter the ministry making these the conditions? And would they enter the ministry on any other terms?—*Ib.*

ADVERSITY AND THE CHRISTIAN.—The frosts of adversity operate upon the true-hearted Christian. In other words, they develop virtues in his character which would otherwise have never appeared. Where the true stamina of piety are not found, the man often sinks at once when smitten: his hopes die, and his affections are dried up; and he becomes the prey of despondency, if not of despair, the wreck of what he once was; a withered monument of a broken heart. He resembles the tree blasted by the lightning, or scathed by fire. But he who views

his chastisements as the necessary inflictions of his heavenly Father, and intended for his best good, desires and aims that they shall produce their appropriate effects. And they do develop in brighter colors, like the foliage of autumn, his Christian virtues—his sweet submission—his deep humility—his expanding charity—his long forbearance—his humble gratitude—his unaffected kindness—in short, his ardent love to God and man. Instead of being crushed by the load of sorrow, or frozen into a petrification, he bears up nobly under the load, and shoots forth many a new trait of character, that blossoms in beauty, and bears fruit in abundance. His virtues never would have shone so brightly had not adversity touched his heart with her icy hand. Those virtues do, indeed, make us feel that the man is ripening too fast for heaven to continue long below; just as the variegated splendors of an autumnal forest tell us of approaching winter. But it is not the less interesting, because the Christian exhibits more and more of the spirit of heaven. He may die unto the world, but he will live unto God.—*Euthanasia of Autumn.*

PRAYER AGAINST SUDDEN DEATH.—Lord, be pleased to shake my clay cottage before thou throwest it down. May it totter awhile before it doth tumble. Let me be summoned before I am surprised. Deliver me from sudden death. Not from sudden death in respect of itself, for I care not how short my passage be, so it be safe. Never any weary traveler complained that he came too soon to his journey's end. But let it not be sudden in respect of me. Make me always ready to receive death. Thus no guest comes unawares to him who keeps a constant table.—*Faller.*

CRUCIFIED WITH CHRIST.—To be crucified with Christ you must expect pain. It will hurt; if you do not choose to be hurt, you do not choose to be crucified. They that are Christ's are crucified to the world, and the world crucified to them. It is a solemn declaration. Be assured, your comfort will be in accordance with your crucifixion. No man truly lives till he is dead to sin. Come poverty, come afflictions, come reproach, come what will, we will take you all with resignation. Come sickness, come bereavements, come trials, we will take you as nails and hammers to nail ourselves to the cross of Christ, that we may live.

DEATH AND THE CHRISTIAN—AN ALLEGORY.—It happened one day that Death met a good man. "Welcome, thou messenger of immortality!" said the good man. "What!" said Death, "dost thou not fear me?" "No," said the Christian; "he that is not afraid of himself, needs not to be afraid of thee!" "Dost thou not fear the diseases that go before me, and the cold sweats that drop from my fingers' ends?" "No," said the good man, "for diseases and cold sweats announce nothing but thee?"

In an instant Death breathed upon him, and Death and he disappeared together; a grave had opened beneath their feet, and in it lay something.

I wept; but suddenly heavenly voices drew my eyes on high. I saw the Christian in the clouds. He was still smiling; and when Death met him, angels had welcomed his approach, and he shone as one of them.

I looked in the grave, and saw what it was that lay there; nothing was there but the garment the Christian had laid aside. So, Christian, when thou diest, thou wilt leave thy body behind, but thy spirit wilt ascend on high.—*Lavater.*

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

SCHOOLS IN IRELAND.—The following is a summary of the religious denominations of the children on the rolls of the National Schools of Ireland, for six months ending March 31, 1852: Total, Protestants, 24,684; Catholics, 424,717; Presbyterians, 40,618; which, with about 8,000 undenominated, makes 498,018. Of the managers, one-third are Protestants; of the schools, one-fourth are under Protestant management; of the children in attendance, one-seventh are Protestants; of the teachers, one-fifth are Protestant; of the applications for grants for new schools in 1852, one-fourth were Protestant.

MASONRY.—The following facts respecting Masonry are gathered from an address by Rev. Rolla H. Chubb, of the North Ohio conference. The first Grand Lodge in Great Britain was established in 936, at York. In 1733 a Lodge was established in Boston, and in 1755 a Grand Lodge was established in the same place. Of this Lodge General Warren, who fell on Bunker Hill, was the Grand Master. Of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence, all but four were Masons. General Washington was a Mason, and founded a Lodge at Alexandria. All the General officers of the American Revolution were Masons except one, and that one was Benedict Arnold, the traitor.

CALCUTTA MISSIONS.—There are above one hundred schools of various kinds in connection with the Church Missionary Branch at Calcutta, attended by more than six thousand youths, twelve hundred and fifty of whom are native Christian boys and girls. There are five seminaries for the training of future teachers. More than six thousand native Christians, young and old, still survive as the fruits of the labors of this mission, about one thousand of whom are communicants.

CULTURE OF SUGAR CANE.—There is a capital of \$80,000,000 invested in the culture of cane in the states of Florida, Louisiana, and Texas. These states produce annually about 300,000,000 pounds of sugar, besides which foreign importations are made to the extent of about 350,000,000 pounds. Even a short crop of sugar at the south, which reduces the usual production only 100,000,000 or 150,000,000 pounds, invariably advances the rate of sugar from one to one and a half cents per pound; which, on the entire consumption of 650,000,000 pounds, is equal, at one cent, to \$6,500,000, and at one and a half cents to about \$10,000,000.

In the Philadelphia Observer, of a recent date, it is stated that of the communicants of the "several denominations in Texas," the Methodists have 10,000, the Baptists 8,000, the Presbyterians 6,000, the Episcopalians 1,000; while, according to the statistics of these Churches, says the Texas Wesleyan Banner, it is shown that the Methodist Church numbers about 15,000, the Baptists 6,000, the Presbyterians 3,500, and the Episcopalians not over 600.

It is now two years, says Zion's Herald, since our Book Depository in Boston was established on its present basis. During the first year of its existence, its sales amounted to \$33,260.17. This was far beyond the expectations of many of its most sanguine friends. But the past year has been still more prosperous; the sales have amounted to \$42,239.98, which is an increase on the first

year of \$8,979.76. We doubt not the sales of the current year will reach the gross amount of \$50,000.

BRITISH AND UNITED STATES CONSULS.—England has 441 consuls in different ports of the world, and the United States only 130. England has 20 in the United States, 54 in Spain, 12 in Brazil, 19 in China, 43 in France, 28 in Portugal, 18 in Russia, and 17 in Sweden. The United States has 37 in the British dominions, 13 in France, 7 in Brazil, 3 in China, 6 in Portugal, 6 in Spain, and 4 in Russia.

PROPERTY IN BOSTON.—The assessed valuation of the real and personal estate in Boston, the present year, is \$208,514,200, being an increase of nearly \$19,000,000 since last year. In 1846 the total valuation was \$148,839,600. In 1844 it was \$118,450,300.

A FRENCH chemist—M. Despretz—has been trying hard and long to make diamonds. He reports to the Academy of Sciences that he has succeeded so far as to make diamond dust, and hopes, ere long, to knead it into gems.

REVOLUTION IN JOURNALISM.—The New York Tribune, under the head of "a revolution in journalism," notices two new inventions. First, the manufacture of fine paper from straw instead of rags, by Mr. Mellier, a French chemist; and second, an improvement in presses by a citizen in New York. It says, "It is a printing-press, which, at a moderate rate of speed, will deliver 'thirty thousand' sheets printed on both sides in a single hour! Its movement combines the original principles of Napier, which are applied by Hoe in his great press, with some new and beautifully simple arrangements and devices of the inventor."

SOME of the secular papers have recently taken occasion to speak very favorably of the early laws of the Catholic colony of Maryland, as being eminently tolerant and mild. Do our cotemporaries not know that "in the year 1649 the Legislature of Maryland enacted a law making a denial of the Godhead of any of the three persons of the Trinity punishable by death; and for any reproachful words spoken of the blessed Virgin Mary, the whipping-post, and imprisonment, at the pleasure of the lord proprietor? This act may be read in all its length and breadth in Bacon's laws, and is still in force in the District of Columbia, although abrogated in Maryland by the adoption of the new Constitution."

A SURGEON at St. Petersburg, after a series of experiments upon dead or rather frozen corpses, has introduced a new method of amputation, by which the operation is relieved of the danger and pain usually attending it. His method is simply to congeal the blood by artificial means.

WHERE THE CORN COMES FROM.—An English paper says, it is proved by the return of the foreign corn trade in the last few years, that a change is taking place in the principal sources of the supply of food. The United States and the Baltic are no longer, by any means, our largest producers. Their yearly surplus falls short of our yearly wants, and it is from the fertile districts and fine rivers of eastern Europe that we now draw our greatest and most inexhaustible supply. In 1841, when the total imports of wheat into this kingdom were 2,400,000 quarters, only 230,000 quarters, or about one-tenth, came from

Russia, Turkey, or the Mediterranean. In 1852 the total import of wheat—exclusive of flour—was about 3,200,000 quarters, of which 1,700,000 quarters came from the ports of those countries; and taking the whole import of corn at 6,750,000 quarters, that of the East was 3,500,000 quarters. Of this quantity a large proportion is shipped at Galatz and Ibraila, and other Turkish ports, which are the natural channels for the abundant produce of Hungary and the fertile provinces south of the Danube. Egypt also sent us in 1852 no less than 270,000 quarters in 143 vessels. M. Mongredien points out that this large and increasing trade is almost exclusively in the hands of Greek merchants established in England, with branch houses in the Levant, and that the ingenuity and perseverance of the Greeks are displayed to an extraordinary degree by the manner in which they have contrived, in about thirty years, to found and retain this extensive commerce. The Greek firms in England amount to about two hundred, and the yearly amount of their transactions in the grain trade alone is computed at no less than four millions. Their business is conducted with the utmost diligence and exactness, and even in this country the Greeks successfully compete with the traders in corn from all parts of the world.

DR. J. B. DONS, of New York city, claims to have discovered a process by which he can manufacture gold by artificial means, equal to any found in California. The process is slow, but this he is now laboring to overcome, and he thinks that in less than a year he will be able, by the assistance of ten men's labor, to manufacture one, if not two, tons of gold per day. M. Theodore Tifferean, a Frenchman, has laid a paper before the Academy of Sciences at Paris, in which he claims a similar discovery. If this should prove to be true, California and Australia stock will rapidly depreciate.

BALLOON TRAVELING.—Mr. John Wise, of Lancaster, Penn., the hero of we know not how many balloon ascensions, is agitating the question of an air voyage to Europe. He has made an estimate of the cost of a transatlantic voyage, including balloon and the entire outfit, which is as follows:

A globular balloon 125 feet in diameter will require 5,000 yards of silk, at \$2 per yard.....	\$10,000
100 gallons prepared linseed oil.....	300
Network, grapnel, and cordage.....	300
Labor.....	1,000
Contingencies.....	1,000
Sea-worthy boat, with masts and sails stowed away, probably.....	5,000
Provisions and water for eight men.....	100
Instruments.....	500
Coal gas, decarbonized, 650,000 cubic feet, probably.....	2,500
Ballast.....	100
Total cost.....	\$20,000

Mr. Wise estimates that the trip would require but forty-eight hours. After deducting the weight of materials, etc., of eight men and their provisions, and two thousand pounds for ascensive power to start with, he estimates there would be a reserve of 25,195 pounds left for mails and weight. He awaits the encouragement of the public, and says he does not ask or expect any assistance till he has demonstrated the principle, and made at least one successful trip from some of the western cities to the seaboard. Mr. Wise is a veteran aeronaut, and we hope he will be furnished with the means of carrying out his experiment—provided, of course, that he succeeds in demonstrating his principle. We should be

slow to pronounce the idea of crossing the Atlantic by balloon an absurdity.—*N. E. Farmer.*

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY IN RUSSIA.—M. B. Larsky, the engineer lately deceased, who had also acquired a reputation as a poet and an archaeologist, made a discovery of the greatest importance in White Russia—a discovery brought to light when his papers were examined after his decease. Being occupied in making a road in that province, he found it necessary to drain off the waters of a lake into another lake at a lower level; and, in the course of the operation, he discovered, in a forest, several feet below the surface of the soil, a road paved in the antique Roman or Mexican style, with traces of a stone bridge of a peculiar construction. In M. Larsky's opinion, two or three thousand years must have elapsed before the face of the country could have been transformed to such an extent as he observed; and if this supposition be well founded, this district must have been inhabited before the time of the Scythians by a more civilized nation. M. Larsky's discovery will, doubtless, not pass unnoticed, and may lead to important results.

YOUNG MEN AND THE CHURCH.—Rev. Dr. Stevens, in a recent sermon in Philadelphia, on the claims of the Church upon the talents of young men, makes the following statements:

"By recent official estimates, it appears that there are only 1,500 Episcopal churches in the United States, furnishing sittings for 625,000; so that the Episcopal Church provides accommodations which, if fully occupied, would only suffice for one-fortieth of our population. There are about 1,600 clergy, of which number 350 have no particular charge, being either foreign missionaries, military chaplains, assistant ministers, professors in colleges, teachers, mentally or physically disabled; leaving only about 1,250 parish ministers—thus showing more than 250 churches unprovided with ministers. In order then to enable them to hold what we now have—to retain even our present position—there is required an immediate increase of over 200 clergy, so that each church may be ministered in, and be supplied with a pastor.

"But the whole number of ordinances to deacon's orders in 1852 was only 59; while the number of deaths and removals from the clergy was about 30, thus showing an actual gain in the clerical corps of only 29 ministers."

GOOD-NIGHT.—Thus beautifully did John B. Gough close his last temperance address before the people of Edinburgh, Scotland: "Now, let me say to you, good-night. Voyagers with me, I trust, to a better world, if I never see you again, I shall hail you often, and you will hail me—will you not? I look out through the eyelids of expectation to the beacon-fires that are to blaze upon us while conducting the coming contest. Good-night to you! Let us slacken no sail, but straight for the high land—crowd all our canvas—cut through the foam—then we will cast anchor there! Heaven is our home. Good-night to you! That God may bless you, throw the mantle of his love over and about you, and save you from the curse of drunkenness, is the hearty prayer of him who is your obedient, humble servant, in all things to command, in view of the interest of the temperance enterprise, and who now bids you a grateful and affectionate good-night."

WOMAN'S NATURE.—A woman is a great deal like a piece of ivory. The more you are ruined, the closer she clings to you. A wife's love don't begin to show itself till the sheriff is after you.

Literary Notices.

THE CONFLICT OF AGES; or, the Great Debate on the Moral Relations of God and Man. By Edward Beecher. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. For sale by H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.—The "Conflict" which the author essays to settle in this volume is the difficulty of reconciling the natural depravity of man as derived from Adam, and involving the guilt and liability of infants to future punishment, with the justice and goodness of God. Over three hundred pages of the work are devoted to a review of the various efforts of theologians to reconcile these two things. The elements of the discussion have been gleaned from the wide field of Scripture, philosophy, and history, and have been analyzed and examined with great skill. The result of all is, that the two things are utterly irreconcilable. The idea that we had a probation in Adam, or that we sinned in him as our federal head, he scouts as a fiction, utterly absurd and unsatisfactory. He grapples sturdily with the refuge of some, that we are not to judge God by our standards of right, and shows its absurdity from the fact that God calls upon us to observe his character and his ways, and to approve of them. To settle these conflicts, and to harmonize these apparently contradictory aspects of the Divine character and government, he introduces a *hypothesis*—one, too, without proof, and not susceptible of proof. This hypothesis is—we, as individuals, had an existence prior to our existence in this state of being, and in that former state sinned and became corrupt; and, consequently, God, in his mercy, has favored us with another probation. This hypothesis is not proved, because it is not susceptible of proof, and the most the author, even with his great logical powers, can accomplish, is to lessen the force of the objections to it. It is pitiful to see a man of such power groping his way through such dark subtleties, and incessantly attempting to reconcile actual difficulties by suppositions—each one of which is unsustained and doubtful. The author's theory of the *pre-existence* of our souls, even with reference to the settlement of the great "Conflict," is liable to great objections, and could not have settled that conflict even had the author established his hypothesis. 1. It does not relieve the Divine character, which is as much involved by the fall of spirits in another state of being as by the fall of man. At best, the hypothesis can only remove the difficulty one step backward. 2. All who die in infancy utterly fail, not by any fault of their own, to profit by their incarnation. To them this "new probation" was but mockery. In fact, this theory renders the salvation of those infants that die in infancy impossible. 3. This hypothesis assumes that the birth of a human soul in a body is only "the conditional release of a culprit, and not a new creation of a spirit." Such an assumption is manifestly against the whole scope and bearing of the Bible upon the subject. 4. If we had a pre-existence, it might fairly be presumed that we should retain some recollection of it; but no such recollection exists. 5. Our utter ignorance of that assumed former state, and of our experience or of our sins in it, is utterly inconsistent with the idea that we are placed here to atone for its sins and remedy its errors. Such a supposition does, indeed, conflict with our sense of "honor and right." Indeed, how can we atone for our wrong? and how shall a man find

out what his wrong was in that former state, seeing he remembers nothing about it? On the whole, we do not remember ever to have seen so elaborately a finished bubble—the offspring of great learning and skill—as this.

THE LIFE OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS. By P. C. Headley. Auburn: Derby & Miller. 12mo. 448 pages.—The romantic and tragical career of Mary, Queen of Scots, has ever kept alive a deep interest in her history. She ascended the throne in a stormy age, and was poorly prepared to grapple with the fierce elements that raged around her. Under the influence of bad advisers, impulsive in her passions, imprudent, if not criminal, in her conduct, unfortunate in her marriages, hers was a life of misfortune and suffering. Her end was as tragical as her life had been unfortunate. After a wearisome and painful captivity, she at length laid her crowned head upon the executioner's block. A wide diversity of opinion exists among her biographers in relation to her character—some of them crowning her with extravagant laudation; others defending Elizabeth at the expense of both Mary's rights and character. Mr. Headley judiciously avoids these extremes, and, while he is severe upon her errors, he is also just to her character and cause. This work, with that upon Josephine, by the same author, may be classed among the best biographical works this country has produced. H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.

THE Czar AND THE SULTAN, and the Rise and Decline of the Turks in Europe. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo. 195 pages.—The first half of this small volume contains a rapid but succinct sketch of Nicholas, the Autocrat of the Russian empire, and also of Abdul Medjid, the Sultan of the Turkish empire. The other half a graphic historic sketch of Turkey in Europe. At any time it would be an interesting book, but at the present time it is peculiarly so. It contains a great deal of valuable information, which could not, as we are aware, be found any where else. For sale by H. W. Derby.

HISTORY OF THE INSURRECTION IN CHINA. Translated from the French of Cullery and Yenn. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. 301 pages.—The authors of this work are men of great learning, had resided some years in China, and enjoyed peculiar facilities from their connection with the French embassy—one as interpreter, the other as physician. Few living men, perhaps, were more competent, so far as historical facts are concerned, than they to trace the rise and progress of this wonderful Revolution. The book itself is a highly seasonable production, and will be read with avidity. We can only wish the authors had possessed juster views of Christianity. It is accompanied by a map. For sale by H. W. Derby.

THE BLACKWATER CHRONICLE. By "the Clerke of Ockenforde." New York: J. S. Redfield. 12mo. 223 pages.—This is "a narrative of an expedition into the land of Canaan, in Randolph county, Va.—a country flowing with wild animals, such as panthers, bears, wolves, elk, deer, otter, badger, etc., with innumerable trout—by five adventurous gentlemen, without any aid of Government, and solely by their own resources, in the summer of 1851." The adventures of this hunting excursion among the mountains of North-Western Virginia are well told, and the descriptions of the country are well made.

CATALOGUE OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.—From this document we perceive that in the several departments there are rising forty professors, assistants, and tutors. The students are distributed as follows: Undergraduates—seniors, 88; juniors, 78; sophomores, 93; freshmen, 70: total, 329. Resident graduates, 15. Divinity School—seniors, 8; middle class, 11; junior class, 7: total 26. Law School—seniors, 37; middle class, 63; junior class, 42: total, 142. Lawrence Scientific School, 69. Medical students, 119. Grand total, 700. The various libraries of the University number 93,300 volumes, and its aggregate property probably to more than \$1,500,000. Divinity is evidently at a great discount in the institution. Young Safford, about whose mathematical genius so much noise was made a few years since, is a member of the senior class. Rev. James Porter is the only representative of the Methodist Church in the Board of Overseers. It is high time that Unitarianism, which has usurped the control of this institution, should be dislodged from its predominance. Massachusetts owes this to herself.

CATALOGUE OF THE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.—The Faculty of this institution consist of a president—Augustus W. Smith, LL. D.—and seven professors. Seniors, 30; juniors, 29; sophomores, 27; freshmen, 31: total, 117. We believe this is about the number averaged for several years. If we recollect right, the institution during Dr. Fisk's day attained to a patronage of some 160 or more students. It appears still to be struggling with pecuniary embarrassments; but its friends are making vigorous efforts to complete its endowment.

PARIS MALE AND FEMALE SEMINARY.—This institution is under the patronage of the Illinois annual conference. Rev. J. H. Moore, A. M., is the Principal, assisted by 5 teachers. Students—in the male department, 111; in the female, 102: total, 213.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF SAN FRANCISCO.—We received the circular of this Association with unfeigned pleasure. No where in the Union has such an Association a nobler field. We bid the Christian young men of San Francisco God-speed in their work. We are glad to see among its managers Charles W. Bond, son of Dr. T. E. Bond.

MINUTES OF THE NORTH OHIO ANNUAL CONFERENCE.—We are indebted to Professor Harris, the Secretary of the conference, for this document. It is an octavo pamphlet of eighty pages, printed on fine paper and in the neatest style, and containing very full statistical and general information concerning the doings and interests of that body.

MINUTES OF THE OHIO ANNUAL CONFERENCE.—To our friend, Dr. Trimble, we are indebted for a copy of these Minutes. It is of the same size and about the same number of pages as the former. It contains a compendious view of the sessions of the conference, and also statistical tables, and is a model in its order and arrangement.

THE OBJECT OF LIFE, is the title of a terse and well-considered address to the graduating class of Worthington Female Seminary, by O. M. Spencer, A. M.

TRIBULATION EXCHANGED FOR GLORY, is the title of a funeral discourse delivered by Rev. N. Vansant on the death of Mrs. Antoinette S. Brown, wife of Rev. James M. Freeman, of the New Jersey conference. This is a worthy tribute to one eminently fitted by her education, talents, and piety to be the useful wife of a Methodist preacher; but divine Wisdom saw fit to cut short her career when she had but just entered upon her great work. We sympathize with our brother in his great bereavement.

Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

"REMEMBER THE SABBATH."—About eighty years ago a motion was made in Parliament for raising and embodying the militia, and, for the purpose of saving time, to exercise them on Sundays. When the motion was likely to pass, an old gentleman stood up, and said, "Mr. Speaker, I have one objection to this—I believe in an old book called the Bible." The members looked at one another, and the motion was dropped.—*Wesley.*

THE ORPHAN BOY.—A little boy, poorly clad, standing in front of the Western Hotel, was accosted by a rude young man with the question, "Does your mother know you are out?" The little fellow looked at the interrogator a moment, while his bosom heaved and tears gathered in his eyes, and replied, "Sir, my dear mother is dead."—*Buffalo Republic.*

A BOY'S SOLILOQUY ABOUT THE ATTIRE OF GIRLS.—"I often tell them no wonder they get cold, with nothing but a bit of lace over their shoulders and a piece of gauze on their arms. It seems so funny, too, to call boys harder than girls. Why! if I dressed so—thin sack, thin slippers, bare arms, bare neck—I should not live a month. Hardy—they are the hardest mortals alive, for they do stand such treatment some way, though they are mighty delicate, and seem to be proud of it; in fact, I think a

good many of them had rather have a fashionable consumption than a vulgar, good constitution."

AN OLD LADY'S IDEA OF A GREAT MAN.—An old lady once said, that her idea of a great man was "a man who was keeferful of his clothes, didn't drink spirits, kin read the Bible without spelling the words, and kin eat a cold dinner on wash-day, to save the wimmin folks the trouble of cooking."

BRAINWORK IN HOT WEATHER.—Fellow-citizens, as you sprawl on your sofas this pleasant forenoon, or make an inverted Z of yourself by propping your chair-back against the wall, you probably think it must be easy to write what you find it easy to read. Did you ever plow, hoe corn, or plant cabbages? We have been engaged in all these rural exercises, and have also swung the scythe and cradle under the hot sun of the south; and we solemnly declare that the physical labors aforesaid are mere recreations in comparison with the exhausting toil of writing for the press in a close office, with a south-western aspect, when the thermometer is in the neighborhood of the nineties. The vigorous ideas that should find their way by electric telegraph from the brain to the pen, liquefy on the road, and ooze out in big globules of perspiration, while the more delicate fancies evaporate

by the "insensible" process. Excuse, therefore, the shortcomings of genius under the soporific influence of the summer solstice; for, be assured that a vertical sun, however it may dulcify and mature cherries, plums, and other fruital "plumptitudes," is by no means favorable to the development of intellectual products.—*A New York Editor.*

"FULL OF TETER."—A little boy, the other day, who was hopping, and skipping, and twisting, and wriggling, and jiggling himself in every imaginable shape, without any evident object, was asked what in the world he was doing. "O," said he, "I am so chock full of teter!"

A SCOTCH SCHOOLMASTER.—He taught Latin so thoroughly, made his pupils interpret out every particle of the meaning of the authors whom they read so punctiliously, was so severe on a bad construction or a false quantity, that to learn Latin from him, though it was only Latin, was to be disciplined in accuracy and research on all subjects for the whole of one's life. Classical teachers, stick that passage on the inside of your desk lids.

NEVER LOOK A GIFT HORSE IN THE MOUTH.—This very familiar and oft-repeated saying takes its origin from a circumstance which occurred many years ago in the vicinity of Carlisle. Two farmers, who had been neighbors for many years, and who had lived upon very friendly terms, mutually agreed that whichever should die first should leave to the other a valuable consideration, not specifying, however, what it was to be. The one was called Martin Timson and the other David Dean. David was called away first, and bequeathed to Martin a favorite horse. When it was communicated to the latter, he manifested a great deal of disappointment, and observed, that "he did expect something better than an old horse." "Not so old, neither," said the party who had brought him the information. A dispute now arose about the age, and it was agreed to go to the stable and examine it. Martin went up to the horse's head, and in the act of opening its mouth to look at its teeth, the horse made a snatch and bit his nose off. A mortification in a few hours ensued, and, strange to say, Martin followed David to the grave. Hence came the saying, "Never look a gift horse in the mouth."—*Pulley's Etymological Compendium.*

FLYING FROM THE CHURCH.—A few weeks since a genius of the Icarian school asked permission of Bishop Doane to fly from the top of the church spire in Burlington. The Bishop, with an anxious concern for the man's spiritual as well as temporal safety, told him he was welcome to fly to the Church, but he would encourage no man to fly from it.—*New Jersey Journal.*

SKINNING AND BEING SKINNED.—It is characteristic of those who are severe on others that they can not bear severity. Dean Swift, the severest satirist of his day, was one day dining with a company of gentlemen, one of whom he had made the butt of his ridicule, with repeated sallies. At last the Dean poured upon a piece of duck some gravy intended to be eaten with a roasted goose. The unfortunate gentleman seeing this, immediately said, "My good Dean, you surprise me—you eat duck like a goose." The company roared—and the poor Dean was so confused and mortified that he flew into a rage, and left the table.

WALTER SCOTT'S OPINION OF THE POOR.—I have read books enough, and observed and conversed with enough of eminent and splendidly cultivated minds, too, in my time; but I assure you I have heard higher sentiments

from the lips of poor, uneducated men and women, when exerting the severe but gentle heroism, under difficulties and afflictions, or speaking their simple thoughts as to circumstances in the lot of friends and neighbors, than I ever yet met with out of the pages of the Bible.

ROUGE IN FASHION AT PARIS.—It appears from late Paris letters that "the fashion of wearing rouge, which, for many years past, has been confined to the elderly ladies, is now revived and adopted by the youngest and fairest in the aristocratic circles. Consequently, great rivalry has been displayed among perfumers in perfecting rouge. The Incarnat de Chine and the Rouge Indien, the compositions of Le Grand, are decidedly the favorites, as the least injurious to the skin, and giving the most natural and delicate color." We trust this is one of the Paris fashions which American ladies will not follow.—*New York Mirror.*

FRANKLIN'S HARMONICA.—It is said that when Dr. Franklin invented the harmonica, he concealed it from his wife till the instrument was fit to play, and then awoke her with it one night, when she took it for the music of the angels.

MONUMENT TO MILTON.—Considerable curiosity was created, the other day, in Wathing-street, by the erection of a large tablet on the walls of All-hallows Church to the memory of Milton, the poet. It bears as an inscription the following well-known lines:

"Three poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in majesty of thought surpassed;
The next in gracefulness; in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third, she joined the other two."

"John Milton was born in Bread-street, the 9th day of December, 1608, and was baptized in the parish Church of All-hallows, Bread-street, on Tuesday, the 29th of December, 1608."

REVERENCE FOR PETRARCH AND LAURA.—There is scarce a genteel family at Avignon but have the pictures of Petrarch and Laura in their houses. A lady of that country, who piques herself much on being descended from Laura, took it very ill of Mr. Ramsay that he should say Petrarch's love for Laura was only Platonic. Ramsay was obliged to recant the heresy, and write a fable against Platonic love.

COLERIDGE.—Mr. S. Taylor Coleridge was a remarkably awkward horseman, so much so as generally to attract notice. On a certain occasion he was riding along the turnpike road, in the county of Durham, when a wag, approaching him, noticed his peculiarity, and, quite mistaking his man, thought the rider a fine subject for a little sport; when, as he drew near, he thus accosted Mr. Coleridge, "I say, young man, did you see a tailor on the road?" "Yes," replied Mr. Coleridge, who was never at loss for a rejoinder, "I did; and he told me if I went a little farther I should meet a goose." The assailant was struck dumb, while the traveler jogged on.

THE MAGPIE.—Swift, in traveling, called at a hospitable house. The lady of the mansion, rejoicing to have so distinguished a guest, with great eagerness and flippancy asked him what he would have for dinner. "Will you have an apple-pie, sir? Will you have a gooseberry-pie, sir? Will you have a cherry-pie, sir? Will you have a currant-pie, sir? Will you have a plum-pie, sir? Will you have a pigeon-pie, sir?" "Any pie, madam, but a magpie."

Editor's Table.

THE PRESENT NUMBER.—Our pages present three classes of articles; namely, original prose, original poetry, and selected articles. The first two constitute the bulk of the work. In our original prose we present a great variety as it regards theme, style, and subject-matter. The demonstration of the being of God which we have proposed, is only one among ten thousand arguments for the establishment of the same fact. We beg the reader to consider the invincible power of this one argument, and then reflect how strong the conviction that must result from the grand aggregate of all the ten thousand arguments combined. The first in our series of sketches for the young should be read and reread by all our young readers. "Contrasts" truthfully exhibits some of the scenes constantly occurring in the pastor's experience. It teaches a lesson. "Ida Pfeiffer in Iceland" is full of interest. Then we have a fine story by Alice Cary, and an equally fine essay by Dr. Kellogg. We have also an interesting sketch of an interesting subject—Lucretia Maria Davidson; a humorous sketch of a "Ride in an Extra Train," so lifelike that we seem one of the party; and a fine article on a theme of renewed and wonderful interest—Nineveh. Now let us glance at the poetic gems that stud our casquet—but, no, we shall have to stop here. Lack of space will not admit of further survey. Our selections cost us a vast amount of labor: first, a great deal of reading to find them; and then so much revision to prepare them, that they sometimes might almost be claimed as original articles. The press, we are happy to see, give us due credit as to the character of this department; but when they copy some of our carefully revised selections, they are not always particular to remember us.

NOTES UPON OUR ENGRAVINGS.—The view of Albany herewith presented is second in the series we announced, and is the finest view of it we have ever seen. It is taken from the east bank of the Hudson river, a little below the city, and commands a view of the State-House, the City Hall, the Albany Academy, the Female Academy, the Cathedral, and several other public buildings. It must be recollected that this is the capital of the state of New York. Here terminates the Erie canal, which has immortalized the name of De Witt Clinton, and been the source of vast revenue to the state. The great Central railroad, connecting with Buffalo and the west; the Hudson River railroad, connecting with New York city and the south; the Great Western railroad, connecting with Boston and the east, and several other railroads, center at this place. It is quite an ancient place, having been founded by the Dutch in 1612. In 1686 it was chartered as a city. Notwithstanding the great infusion of Yankees and of Yankee enterprise, Albany is not without unmistakable indications of its Dutch paternity.

Here also we furnish a fine likeness of Rev. T. A. Morris, D. D., one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. No one who has ever seen the Bishop will fail to recognize the well-known countenance. Bishop Morris entered the traveling ministry in the Ohio conference in 1817. In his earlier itinerant life he performed hard service, in common with his brethren, in the states of Ohio and Kentucky. When the Western Christian Advocate was established in Cincinnati in 1833, he was

made its first editor; and at the General conference of 1836 he was elected to the Episcopal office in the Methodist Episcopal Church. For nearly twenty years he has traveled extensively in the discharge of his Episcopal duties. The weight of years is now accumulating upon him; but during the past season he has performed the laborious and fatiguing tour of the south-western conferences. And at the time of this writing he has just reached his pleasant home on the banks of the Ohio, where he rests awhile to recruit his exhausted energies. May God spare him long to the Church!

The beautiful picture on our title-page reminds us of a luxurious scene we have often enjoyed. Reader, have you ever, on a hot summer day, sought the cooling shade of some grove that skirted the harvest-field, and from your quiet nook glanced along the vista that, from between the trunks and overspreading branches of nature's primeval forest growth, opened upon the scene of bustling activity exhibited in the harvest-field? Then you can enjoy this picture.

CONTRIBUTORS AND CONTRIBUTIONS.—"A professed critic," some one has remarked, "should be impervious to feeling—should have no heart." We hardly know but what an editor should be placed in the same category. Unbiased by feeling, with cool, unrelenting judgment, must he fix the destiny of the applicants for his favor. We have not, however, been long enough under the hardening process to be entirely devoid of regret when compelled to disappoint the fervid hopes of the young writer. This regret on our part is heightened from the fact, that there are but few of the articles which we reject that are not possessed of some considerable degree of merit, and, especially on the part of our young contributors, give promise for the future. But we must consult the interest of our pages, and not the hopes, feelings, or improvement of our contributors. We frankly say, that it is not fitting that the first raw efforts should be proposed for the columns of the Repository. Rather let such persons, first, read their compositions to some judicious critic for criticism and amendment; then they may seek a hearing in the columns of the local papers. It will be time enough after this to try the Repository.

Some who write for us are too much inclined to furnish prosy essays. The subject may be one of vital importance in itself, and the essay, in its appropriate place, be tolerable; but such is not the material from which a miscellaneous magazine is to be made up. Something more racy, lifelike, attractive, is demanded. An essay, to be desirable, must have originality, piquancy, force, attractiveness, and, therefore, can rarely originate from an unpracticed hand. Yet it is not unfrequently the case that such a hand can sketch a scene from real life with great force and effect. A magazine should be a moving panorama of life, and life-pictures are desired to fill its pages. We hope these suggestions will not be lost upon those who propose to write for our columns.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—By the combined action of fire and water, from which elements our sanctum suffered not a little, our "reserved" list of prose and poetry suffered a terrible discomfiture, and we fear many of the pieces duly entered upon that list have gone where neither editor nor printer will be able to lay hands upon

them. By the same "accidents" our list of "rejected" articles was also materially abridged. But a few such are on hand; and with all kindness to their respective authors, we make our final note upon them. "The Early Death of a Young Sister" will not pass for poetry in our sanctum. "To —"—we forbear the initials—has too much love and too little poetry. We also have our serious doubts about the orthodoxy of the sentiment that

"The Bliss of loves united
Will be a heaven complete."

"Disappointment" is an improvement upon the above, but we shall have to consign it to the same fate. "Neglected Duty" lacks poetical ease and smoothness; its respected author we think will do vastly better in prose. In this line we hope to hear from him before long. We were very much inclined to publish a poem on the death of an only son, which accompanied a most kind and cordially received letter; but our critics require of us attention to poetic rules not strictly adhered to in this poem. "Reflections on a Sick Bed," "My Brother's Grave," "John B. Gough," "Life of Wesley," "American Aristocracy," "A Few Words on Slavery," are also respectfully declined.

Gossip with Correspondents.—From a huge pile of letters and notes we draw out a few items, like a sort of social currency or change. And, first of all, here comes this letter from "Amanda," bubbling right up into our face: "Mr. Editor,—Do, for mercy's sake, put by your pen, and look up and say, 'How do you do?' Why, here I've stood for the last three months waiting to catch your eye; but there you sit and pore over badly written sentences and worse printed proof-sheets, when your time would have been a great deal better spent listening to me. Now, Mr. Editor, I assure you I am not bothering you for nothing—no, indeed; to tell you the truth, I'm quite offended with one of your correspondents. Now, don't look up and tell me it's none of my business what your correspondents say. Indeed, sir, it is my business. Just hear my complaint, and then you'll see. Now, in the May number of the Ladies' Repository, a certain gentleman is talking about *poetry*. Well, he winds up after this fashion, 'One more word to our young poets—Pray don't.' Now, what can he mean? Does he want us—yes, sir, us—to throw aside the pen, because we are not any relation to Byron or any body else who knows how to weave that fairest of all fabrics—poetry? I, for one, will never do it. Why, I've written poetry all my life; and from my first six-year old piece, which began thus,

'Round and round the children go,'

up to the present time, I've whiled away many a pleasant hour putting my choice thoughts to music. Now, I'm not going to stop for him or any body else. I have helped myself to a seat among the poets, and there I'll stay. I'll not budge an inch—not I. And one day or another I intend to go scattering about some of my efforts, and then see if the learned Professor won't change his mind. What if we can't produce any thing which shall benefit others? at least it benefits us; and as to telling us to stop because we're young—the idea is preposterous; because the sooner we begin the sooner we shall reach perfection. No, sir, you may say 'don't!' as much as you please, but we will." So you shall, Amanda. The editor is decidedly on your side of the question. Though the days of his poetry are far off in the dreamy land, he loves to linger in the memory's musings around that

spot where so many precious gems were garnered long, long ago. To those of sweet "eighteen" we say then, write poetry, if you will. If worthless, in due time dusty Oblivion will gather it under her sable wing. We are down on the old cynic who wrote to us in connection with his diatribe upon nascent poets, "Like nearly all boys, from fourteen to eighteen I thought I was a poet. Since then I have found I was only a fool." Wonder if he hasn't made a slight mistake as to the time when he was a fool? . . . We had hard work to smother a feeling of discontent when we read the following note from a lady correspondent in the south, and remembered how we had been pent up, "toiling, toiling, toiling," all the season: "I have been away, away, away—on a visit to New York and the Crystal Palace, to Saratoga and its gay scenes, Niagara and the St. Lawrence, to the Green and White Mountains, and to Boston, the grand metropolis of Yankee-doodle-dom. The summer months flew by as on the wings of the wind. How full of interest, of instruction, all those scenes! At least once in a lifetime one should travel a little, and see with his own eyes those places so noted in our country's history." Philosophically true are these conclusions; and he who possesses the means will contribute not only to his mental gratification, but also to his mental improvement by acting upon them. This running away from home every summer to visit fashionable resorts, for the purpose of displaying gimp and gold, is a habit as contemptible as it is intellectually thriftless. Rational, reasonable travel will correct our false impressions, enlarge our views, and add to our stock of valuable information. . . . A large and precious package of letters from dear friends, who remembered us in our bereavements and sorrows, has been carefully preserved. Most of them are from the friends of former years and distant places; but some are from those who have boldly entered our hearts—not unwelcome visitors—through the open door of sympathy. Again and again have these tender missives unsealed the deep fountains of the heart's sorrow. We can well appreciate the force of that beautiful sentence, "By the bedside of the dying every thing material sinks into insignificance, and eternity only seems worth living for. We wonder, then, that life ever seemed long, or God afar off, or Death a stranger." And as we inquire, Shall we cease to feel, shall we cease to forget? a stricken spirit sorrowfully responds, "Years ago we followed dear ones to the grave, and their memory, kept green by our tears, has given us a heart for others' woes."

MISCELLANY.—*Fussy Women and Getting to the Cars.*—The omnibus stopped at our door precisely at five o'clock to take us to the morning "lightning express train," which leaves precisely at six. In a moment we were on board—the first passenger—and thundering along through the streets. Some eighteen more to be gathered up, and transported a mile and a half. A few blocks onward and our Jehu reined up in front of another house. An elderly man, portly, easy looking, and with formidable gray whiskers—cravat, coat, and hat still wanting to his personal attire—stood in front, and deliberately surveyed the whole establishment; while through the open door and windows sundry females were seen running to and fro, and bustling about, apparently without any object. We were wondering who could be the passenger, when the old man was called in to put on his coat and hat. Fifteen minutes of our precious time already gone! When will those bustling women cease running about? when will the passenger appear? At length "old gray-beard,"

accompanied by his wife—a portly, fussy woman—and his daughter—a young Miss—makes his appearance at the door. Now, surely, we shall be off! Nay, don't be impatient! All three deliberately survey the omnibus, driver, horses, etc., and then one of them darts back into the house; then another; then the third; and they have all disappeared. Will they ever return? There they come. They open the door of the omnibus, and the mother and daughter, thank heaven! are fairly in. We breathe more freely. But, "la me," something is left. Deliberately "old gray-beard" goes in search of it. It is found. The three are in at last. We are off. But, alas! with a sudden jerk, we are brought up all standing. The two women have left their nice white pocket handkerchiefs—bless me! how I wish both of them were hung on the horns of the moon!—on the breakfast table in the basement. Father, mother, daughter, all in concert of discord, cry out to their host, who is still standing upon the sidewalk. He runs to the rescue, but, alas! leaves the handkerchiefs behind. Learning the difficulty, he doubles the block, and the handkerchiefs are secured. Then we rattle off again at the risk of every one's life. Passengers, trunks, carpet-bags are tumbled on board at the rate of "two-forty," and we reach the ticket-office. Here "gray-beard" dismounts to the tune of "pa, don't forget the canaries;" gets his tickets, and his baggage, which had been left in the office over night; and after all the other passengers are on board, and all terribly excited at the prospect of being left, he reappears with two huge bird-cages. The passengers, with no very gentle jerks, pass one to "ma," and the other to "Miss," and we are again in motion for the cars. Breathless with excitement, we reach the depot; the train is moving, but slacks its motion as we come up, and we tumble on board with but very little respect for our fellows. We had just hung up our traveling bag and taken our seat, when the fussy trio again appeared, panting, and giving every body a nudge with their huge canary cages. Just then the baggage-master opened the door of the car, and cried out, "Whose baggage is left?" Looking out of the window, all three exclaimed, "There are our trunks!" "Will send them on by the next train," exclaimed he of the baggage. "La me, we can't go on without them! we're goin' to Philadelphia," replied the fussy "ma." The reply of the baggage-master, as he leaped from the train at the risk of his neck, was drowned by the sharp shriek of the whistle and the rumbling of the car-wheels, as the train shot out with the speed of lightning upon its long race. Doleful were the countenances of the friends whose acquaintance we had made an hour ago; but we are afraid our hard heart failed to sympathize much with their sorrow. Nay, we do fear that a broad grin marred the serenity of our features a single moment. But we soon sat down to philosophize upon the subject of fussy women and getting to the cars. And by way of atonement for our lack of sympathy on the aforesaid occasion, we determined to pen down this adventure for the benefit of our readers in general.

New York Politics and Buying Votes.—Said a cotemporary, not long since, "We verily believe there is less principle among politicians in New York than any other state in the Union." Our friend, though a veteran editor, had probably not been quite all over the Union; but the history of New York politics—written and unwritten—certainly affords some singular chapters. The following *index* to a chapter we take from one of the

political papers of that state, premising that it appeared duly authenticated during the canvass last fall: "To the Electors of Assembly District, No. —, etc. We, M. and N., nominees of the Whig and Democratic parties respectively of said district, do agree that we, neither of us, will use or furnish to be used, either at the election or prior to the election, any money or other thing of value to influence any voter or voters to vote in our favor, at the election to be held on the 8th day of November next." Alas for our country, when the necessity for such a manifesto exists! But what will even a *pledge* avail when political morals and political men become thoroughly corrupt!

STRAY GEMS.—There is light enough for those whose sincere wish is to see, and darkness enough to confound those of an opposite disposition.—*Pascal.* . . . The creations of the human mind transcend its capacity to collect and preserve them; like seeds of life in the vegetable world, the intellectual powers of man are so prolific that they run to waste.—*Reason and Faith.* . . . Bad books have their season just as vermin have. They come in swarms, and perish before we are aware.—*Menzel.* . . . Reason and Faith resemble the two sons of the patriarch; Reason is the first-born, but Faith inherits the blessing.—*Old Divine.* . . . Our possessions are wholly in our performances. He owns nothing to whom the world owes nothing. . . . He who seeks to do the amiable always, can only be successful at the frequent expense of his manhood. . . . We see spots on the sun and moon which we should never regard on a house-wall or a hillock. . . . An active mind, like an *Æolian* harp, arrests even the vagrant winds, and makes them musical.—*John Foster.* . . . Adversity! thou thistle of life, thou, too, art crowned; first with a flower, then with down. . . . Casual thoughts are sometimes of great value; one of them may serve as a key to introduce us into a hitherto unknown apartment in the palace of truth, or into a hitherto unexplored tract in the paradise of sentiment that environs it. . . . Books constitute the electric chain that connects and circulates the mental magnetism of our social economy.

"Books are a part of man's prerogative;
In formal ink they form and voices hold,
That we to them our solitude may give,
And make time present travel that of old."

ANOTHER WORD TO THE FRIENDS OF THE REPOSITORY.—The Repository comes to your own home. But may you not be the instrument of sending it to the HOME OF YOUR NEIGHBOR? Show this number to him, to his wife, to his daughter, and invite them to subscribe for the volume. If EACH of our subscribers will get ONE ADDITIONAL—and there is not one of them but what can do it—it would greatly swell our list. Your pastor will be ready to receive and transmit the money.

We would also add one word more to our brother ministers. Has the matter been attended to promptly, energetically, fully in your charge? Have you taken measures to get the OLD SUBSCRIBERS to renew their subscriptions? Have you taken measures to secure all the NEW SUBSCRIBERS you can? Other pressing interests may have caused you to overlook this. If so, brother, it is not too late to set the machinery in motion. Now is the time to do up this work for the whole year. And the work of supplying your people with a sound literature, and of extending this publication of the Church, is one of very great importance.



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THE DELIVERANCE OF ST. PETER FROM PRISON.

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